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BORDERLAND ART: THE OPERA OF DEBUSSY AND MAETERLINCK: BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF



EPARTURES from the established conventions in art, as in life, are ordinarily regarded with a suspicion which, one must admit, most often proves to be only too well founded. For while all epoch-making art creations have been more or less revolutionary and have seemed to discard accepted forms, and while it is a tragic fact that the man of genius almost invariably is, in the common phrase, ahead of his time and is more frequently met with ridicule than with tribute, yet the converse is not always true; not all things that seem iconoclastic or ridiculous at the time prove to be works of genius. There is at present in the art world a wave of revulsion against existing art forms that in France amounts to positive hysteria, as evidenced in a certain movement, fortunately not widespread, that crystallizes each year in the exhibit of the Autumn Salon,—a preposterous collection of art abortions in which the subjects portrayed resemble "goops" rather than human beings,—productions such as one might expect from untalented children rioting with paint box and pencil. Needless to state, these degenerate products have no more relation to the impressionism of Manet and Monet than the compositions of the most exaggerated and imitative of the so-called moderns in French, German and Russian music have to the genius of Berlioz, of Wagner and of Tchaikowsky.

This movement of ill-regulated protest exists also in Germany and Austria, and its results,—considerably more within the bounds of art and sanity,—may be studied at the annual international exhibition in the *Glaspalast* in Munich. Such manifestations of course signify nothing but the degeneracy of the art perceptions of the perpetrator. Yet to reckon the music of Claude Debussy as degenerate art,—as some stern classicists who maintain that the art of music has not progressed beyond Brahms and Beethoven would have us believe,—seems an unjust and narrow severity. To rank "*Pelléas et Mélisande*" with the great operatic compositions of the world would be an equal error in the other direction. But to deny its beauty seems

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rather to convey the lack of a certain perception of beauty in the critic. Indeed, the objection to this opera seems to be of that nature so common in criticism,—the objection to a thing that is of one class for not being of another. In the field of music it is ordinarily voiced by the exponent of absolute music who is antagonized by the idea of that union of the arts known in the days of Greece as the Art of the Muses. These people commonly characterize opera as a hybrid form of entertainment,—which indeed it often is, but not inevitably.

It is true that these borderland arts do not always exhibit the strongest qualities of either of the arts combined, but if the result is beautiful why not let it exist for the pleasure of those who enjoy it? As Lili Lehmann has said: The test to be applied to an art work is merely—is it beautiful?

THE opera "Pelléas et Mélisande," which was first produced at the Opera Comique in Paris, April thirtieth, nineteen hundred and two, is literally Maeterlinck's poetic drama translated into music. It has been described as a departure from all established musical forms and an entirely new development in the field of opera. In a certain sense this is true, and it is undoubtedly the effect the music would produce upon the lay mind at first hearing; yet, like the majority of ultra-modern art works, it is largely reactionary and bears more resemblance to the earliest operatic compositions than to the contemporary forms of the art. The music of Richard Strauss, for example, although wrought out of the composer's mastery of the most complex phases of modern orchestration, will frequently be found to contain the intervals and chord combinations of primitive music. In Debussy's opera, Maeterlinck's text—only slightly altered and adjusted—is delivered in a melodious recitative subtly interwoven with the pattern of the orchestral music; and in this use of recitative it is similar to the first opera written,—Peri's "Daphne," produced in Florence in fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The new art form was first known as *dramma per musica*. It was not until some fifty years later that it was called *opera in musica*, and eventually abridged to *opera*. Two Italian composers,—Monteverde (born in fifteen hundred and sixty-eight) and Lulli (sixteen hundred and thirty-three),—and the French Rameau (born sixteen hundred and eighty-three) developed opera further along this line, introducing the element of melodic beauty. Subsequently it degenerated into a mere florid vocal ornamentation until it passed quite outside the realm of music. From this decadence it was rescued by the noble art of Gluck, who, although a German, found at that time his best opportunity in France. Gluck, returning to the original simpler forms of the first operatic

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composers, raised the art to a higher musical plane than it had yet occupied. Wagner, the great operatic reformer, admits that he was strongly influenced by Gluck's ideals.

The great difference between these early recitative operas and "Pelléas et Mélisande" lies in the harmonic construction of the modern French opera. The tonal scheme which Debussy has used differs from the established musical forms in not being founded upon what is known as the diatonic scale. It is only at times that Debussy reverts to the usual minor and major modes. But the whole-tone scale, which he employs almost throughout, is evolved from the old Greek and Ecclesiastic modes. The actual scientific effect of this musical construction is to destroy all the ordinary tonal relations, and dispense with the usual modulations or transitional chords by which melody moves from one key to another. The æsthetic effect produced upon the listener—also heightened by the apparent absence of rhythm—is of a restless, wandering, dream-like, apparently formless music which nevertheless, in this association with Maeterlinck's text, seems so a part of it that afterward the two are inseparable in the mind. The music exists like the background of a sky of changing clouds and lights behind the figures of the shadowy drama. Or, to make a more adequate analogy, it is like a veil of haze or mist between the players and the audience, giving a dreamy sense of the remoteness and unreality of Maeterlinck's poetic creation. But the music, it must be admitted, is not separable as is the play. It undoubtedly requires the explanation of the text, yet it gives to the play the atmosphere of dream that is probably impossible to a theatic performance. For these Maeterlinck dramas are delicately and sensitively poised upon the edge of the inexpressible. In the explicit performance it is fatally easy to provoke the unintended smile. Even so intelligent an actress as Mrs. Patrick Campbell has too heavy a touch, too prosaic a presence for *Mélisande*. Compared with the illusive poetry of Mary Garden's operatic version, Mrs. Campbell's *Mélisande* was hard and unsuggestive. And this would probably be the case with the majority of actors. But in this beautiful production at the Manhattan Opera House the exquisite half-real story moves in its dream atmosphere of mists and shadows, withal so touching that it seems incredible that such a thing could be in a theater. While the creation of this effect is necessarily dependent upon the art of the interpreters, this opera differs from others in that it makes comparatively slight demands upon the voice, for, save for the curious little fragment of a ballad sung by *Mélisande* at her tower window, practically no singing in the operatic sense is required of her. If this were not the case Mary Garden could scarcely

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have created her exquisite *Mélisande*, for her voice is the least of her equipment. Nor could Pérrier—the *Pelléas*—whose voice is far from agreeable, have taken his place as he does in the picture. The effect of the whole is something outside the realm of opera, yet it remains one of the most beautiful of modern contributions to the stage.

IT SEEKS quite incredible that this complete oneness of music and text should be the work of two minds. Mr. Walter Damrosch, who has been lecturing most interestingly upon the opera, has characterized Maeterlinck and Debussy in French opera as standing opposed to the single figure of Wagner in German opera. Wagner conceived the music of his operas as he wrote the text. It is small wonder, that being the case, that they should exist as a single creation. Debussy, with a slighter and more derivative art, was attracted by artistic affinity to the mystic poetic dramas of Maeterlinck when he came to write an opera, as in his earlier orchestral compositions and songs he was drawn to the poems of Verlaine and Baudelaire. It is also interesting in tracing his artistic genealogy to note that although Debussy himself is entirely French—having been born on the very outskirts of Paris—his inspiration is indirectly Teutonic, for Maeterlinck is a Flemish Belgian and musically Debussy is the descendant of Caesar Franck the Belgian. Yet in spite of the intangible, spiritual Maeterlinck quality embodied in Debussy's ethereal harmonies, they contain also an unmistakably French strain. The very incongruity of the daring color combinations is allied to the characteristic French use of pigments. And anyone who has listened to the street cries of Paris or has noted the musical character of the *café chantant* singing must have observed the curious Parisian habit of singing a little flat, the trick of slipping *below* the tone, especially at the end of the phrase, which seems to be an intentional mannerism. This manner of singing is used by Yvette Guilbert, whose interesting work is well known in America; it is definitely suggested by Debussy's intervals and it is deliberately employed by Mary Garden. Very much of this effect would become distressing to the musician's ear; but used as it is in "Pelléas et Mélisande" it seems an harmonious part of the emotional impression. It seems more than likely that this musical peculiarity, which is now a definite taste with Parisians, had its origin in the fact that the French, who are not natural singers, and who disseminate at present a most destructive method of voice training, became accustomed to hearing untrue singing, just as their taste for sour cream on fruit probably originated in the fact that their cream became sour because,—before the introduction of ice by Americans—they had no facilities for keeping it.



CLAUDE DEBUSSY: FROM A PAINTING BY JACQUE BLANCHE.



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MARY GARDEN AS "MÉLISANDE" IN DEBUSSY'S
OPERA OF PELLÉAS AND MÉLISANDE.

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THE three artists who interpreted the principal roles here,—Mary Garden, Dufranne, an excellent actor with a fine voice, and the tenor Pérrier—were in the original Parisian cast. Some trouble arose at the time of that first performance because of Maeterlinck's desire to have the rôle of *Mélisande* given to his wife, Georgette Le Blanc. But after seeing Mary Garden's performance it is not difficult to understand Debussy's enthusiasm for her interpretation,—which he has recorded in his dedication to her of a group of Verlaine songs “To the unforgettable *Mélisande*.”

And Mary Garden indeed seems the very tangible embodiment of Maeterlinck's mysterious little princess, moving in her world of shadows, pursued by love, haunted by fear,—so often the dominant note in the Maeterlinck dramas. Yet Mary Garden's voice must have been slight in the beginning and Conservatoire training has not improved it. Neither is it naturally what is known as sympathetic. Nevertheless, as she uses it, it is highly expressive. At the most human moments, expressed in a few broken words as in the final scene with *Pelléas*—the only real love scene in the opera—she resorts to speech. In one of the basic elements of music,—rhythmic movement,—she has evolved something that is almost a new development of art, a thing not even remotely related either to the Jarley waxwork effect of certain admired Wagner singers, nor to the melodramatic flourishes of the Italian singers. She does not naturally possess the spontaneous musical quality of movement that is inborn in Lina Abarbanell, yet each motion is a calculated emotional expression, having diminuendo and crescendo, and the result is an individual art creation. Even in the death of *Mélisande*,—a thing so in the realm of that which we reckon as too sacred for presentation in the theater—she accomplishes an effect of spiritual beauty without a jarring note. And when one takes into consideration the fact that Miss Garden's own natural personality is one of tremendous vitality and energetic expressiveness, this seems an almost incredible achievement. The whole rôle of *Mélisande*, indeed, lies in a temperamental key, one would say, as remote as possible from Miss Garden's own temperament. Yet she has made of it one of the creations of the modern lyric stage.

Undoubtedly the great success made here by the opera is due to its dramatic and poetic appeal, which enables it to reach a much larger audience than a purely musical work. And much of the credit of this success belongs to Signor Campanari, for in the hands of a lesser artist the delicate values of the score would have been lost and the result would have been monotony. Also a great deal of the credit is due to the excellent stage management at the Manhattan, a thing not

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easily achieved in this land of irresponsible workmen and aggressive trade unions.

IT IS not easy to foresee how music could develop further along the lines of Debussy's method. His compositions seem, in spite of their intangible half disturbing beauty, to be more of a manner,—a mood,—than an enduring expression of art. It is impressionism in music, and the pictures are of strangely contrasting colors, principally at the cool end of the spectrum,—abounding in greens, blues and violets, incongruously assorted, yet with consummate art. There is scarcely a warm note in the whole score of "Pelléas et Mélisande." A defect of music constructed upon the tonal basis used by Debussy is its effect of continued restlessness. It never has for a moment the grandeur, repose, nobility, of Schubert, Beethoven or Wagner. And, of course, the fact that Debussy's music would convey little if separated from the text removes it from the field of absolute music. Grieg wrote his famous Peer Gynt Suite to accompany Ibsen's play, but the music does not require the play to explain it. Music that requires action and words to convey its meaning is no more in the class with absolute music than the literary picture that requires an accompanying story of explanation,—like the work of Burne-Jones or of Rossetti,—is in the precise class of the art of painting. And ordinarily, as has been said before,—and the work of the painters quoted is a case in point,—this meeting of two arts is a weaker form of expression. The Debussy opera perhaps belongs more by analogy to that borderland of painting and architecture,—mural decoration. It stands upon the boundary between the play and the opera, the music acting as the combining medium that creates the dream and the illusion, the thing too intangible for the explicitness of the spoken word. Whether or not it is a finger post indicating the lines along which French opera will now move is problematic. The French interest in opera seems to lie in its theatrical aspect. Few beautiful voices come out of France and the ear of the majority of the people would seem to be either defective or perverted. Such singers as Plançon, Dufranne and the Calvé that was, are the exception. The interest manifested in Debussy's opera in Paris seems to have been largely among the foreign residents and the French devotees of the extremely modern music. The picturesque realism of an opera like Charpentier's "Louise" seems to make a more universal appeal to French taste than the strange colored tapestry of Flemish pattern woven by Maeterlinck and Debussy.

OUR WESTERN PAINTERS: WHAT CHICAGO IS DOING TOWARD THE DEVELOPMENT OF A VITAL NATIONAL SPIRIT IN AMERICAN ART: BY GARDNER TEALL



RT is so thoroughly the visible record of a state of mentality that it is easy to understand how the thought that conceives it, directed by certain impulses, must in turn clothe with like influences everything that receives its impressions. Thus we read the manners and the morals of the people in the art of the masters of the Renaissance, and thus we know why the manners and morals of the time of Louis Fifteenth produced the art of Antoine Watteau or of Fraquard.

I suppose that the fundamental characteristics common to the work of a group or school of artists in any locality,—the Glasgow School, for instance, or the Düsseldorf School,—is the phenomenon produced by the fact that a group of congenial mentalities have come in local contact. We have only to imagine that the men of the Glasgow School are men from Edinburgh, Dumfries, Aberdeen, all possessed with the state of mind that produces a quality of work strongly marked by distinct characteristics. In fact, it would be possible to conceive that Glasgow herself contributed no artist to the group, simply being the ground whereupon these artists met, the city where they choose to live and to work out their soul reflections with paint upon canvas.

We have chosen to speak of an early group of American artists, George Inness the elder and others, as the Hudson River School, because they so well expressed in painting the glory of the landscape of this river section of our country. Beyond that, we Americans have bothered little about any American "schools" that might be imagined out of the mass of painters this country has produced. In art, as in other things, our interest in the individual has been, until recently, much greater than our interest in anything like communal progress, whether in philanthropy, charity, education or culture. Now, however, there has sprung up a widespread and sincere desire to study all phases of intellectual and industrial movements, and we are turning to what we have done in art with an eye to discerning its general trend and to a study of its usefulness in the development of our culture.

Boston, as James Spencer Dickerson once aptly said, is a state of mind, Chicago a movement. At all events, art in Chicago in all its phases means much more than the pursuit of an entertaining occupation, the expression of some single outburst of æsthetic en-

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thusiasm, the struggling attempt to be imitative, or the harnessing of art's service to commercialism's yoke. With Chicago, art has come to be a matter of fundamental communal interest. Mr. Whistler once opened his startling remarks in "Ten O'Clock" with the announcement, "Art is upon the town." In Chicago it is nothing of the sort; it is, instead, of the town, and a vital part of its evolution.

The East is accustomed to look upon the West with tolerance,—being spoiled and made vain, perhaps by the more kindly fact that the West has always looked upon the East as an elder brother from whom lessons were to be learned. That the East has learned much from the West is admitted cautiously, but that the West has much to teach the East must be insisted upon. Time always softens and wears smooth the edges and corners of an established center of culture. Thus we find Boston and Philadelphia, and now New York, impressing us with the sense of established position in the finer things of life that so often stands forth as a contrast to what exists in newer communities, a contrast whose advantages we often misinterpret.

Half a century of critics have squabbled over the question of nationalism in art. Whether or not there is anything of the sort does not seem to have been settled upon paper, but the vital importance of nationalism in shaping art remains with myself a firm conviction. You must know a country's people, its institutions, its history and its ideals, to know whether or not the work of its artists embodies the spirit that has breathed life upon the nation fostering it. The American character, from a conglomeration that we once mistook for a unit, is slowly evolving into a definite entity. As a natural result, we should in intellectual characteristics most closely resemble the nation that brings the strongest and most individual mental quality to our composite national life. Therefore, our art may resemble that of many nations, or even that of some one nation; since our own state is somewhat akin to the conditions that found Greek art molding that of the Romans, until the dominant nation had thoroughly absorbed and assimilated the characteristics of all its tributary states, and began to establish its own claim to a national art,—which in turn was swept aside by alien influences until, in the work of the cinquecentists, we find its distant impress faintly visible in the national art of Tuscany or the national art of Umbria. So in America we may one day step forth completely from the leading strings of foreign art into our own fair heritage.

THERE has grown up in Chicago, since her phoenix-like resurrection from almost overwhelming disaster, a sturdy group of strong artists whose honest endeavor, persevering pluck, and



"THE BORGHESE GARDENS": BY
FREDERIC CH. WALTON.



ARNO: A WATER COLOR: BY
FREDERIC CH. WALTON.



"THE BIG BARN": BY
LAREN N. HOLLAND.



"AN ARMLEAD OF WOOD";
BY ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT.



"PORTRAIT OF MISS GRACE":
BY LOUIS BETTS.



"FISHING FOR TAUTOG": BY
ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT.

"LOOKING FOR CLAMS": BY
ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT.



"THE CONNOISSEUR": BY
WALTER MARSHALL CLUTE.



PORTRAIT OF WM. O'BRIEN'S
SON: BY LOUIS BETTS.

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devotion to their calling have given them claim to something higher than praise,—appreciation. These men and women,—painters, architects, sculptors, designers,—in expressing their own feeling about the things that surround them, are laying a foundation that very strongly suggests the beginning of a national American art. Perhaps Chicago finds herself little affected by immediate alien influences; her atmosphere little disturbed by the nervous impressions that vibrate within New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia,—all gates of a world's commerce, and doors to a world's culture. Howbeit, it is true that the art movement in Chicago, now free from any exotic faddism that might endanger the whole fabric of its service, is one of extraordinary interest.

Some one has said that the encouragement of art implies the necessity of discriminating patronage and generous support. In such patronage and support the artists of Chicago have been deservedly fortunate. Only a few years ago, for instance, the late Benjamin F. Ferguson bequeathed the sum of one million dollars as a fund whose interest is to be expended on monuments and sculpture commemorating famous American men and women and events in American history, all these works to be placed on the boulevards and elsewhere in Chicago. This bequest has therefore opened to Western sculptors a wonderful opportunity, inciting them to the full development of their abilities. Then, public interest in art matters is so great that nearly every one of the many clubs for the advancement of culture offers a substantial prize each year for the best work exhibited by Chicago artists. Probably there are more organizations of this sort in Chicago than in any other American city. Over fifty women's clubs alone are federated, and each year the federation purchases some worthy work of a Chicago artist. Since the federation of the Chicago Art Association with the Municipal Art League in nineteen hundred and one, art in Chicago has received even greater encouragement than before; however, fortunately there has always been a corrective and constructive discrimination to temper and strengthen the quality of approbation. This may well be illustrated by the fact that at one exhibition but two hundred and sixty-nine pictures were selected out of six hundred and twenty-nine submitted, showing that no puff of local pride weakened the judgment of those who, in a sense, have to measure the standard to which art must attain. This is not meant to imply that many Chicago art juries have not made terrific blunders, or that now and then they have not let chaff keep out the wheat, but that on the whole the process of winnowing has been and continues to be carried on in a responsible, sensible, and reliable way.

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I have already hinted that native art is something broader than the native artist; that it is possible for even a foreigner to represent thoroughly the art of his adopted country when his soul and spirit are in accord with the inspiration of the country to which he comes. However, out of one hundred and twenty-one artists represented at a recent exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists, but seventy were educated in Chicago. In local education, the Art Institute has been a potent factor. It is a great museum of art, but conceived upon lines that give it more of the nature of a helpful school than merely an entertaining museum. The principle upon which its school is founded is that of maintaining to a high degree of efficiency the severe practice of academic drawing and painting,—from life, from the antique and from subjects,—and to group around this fundamental principle, as around a living stem, the various departments of art education. This school holds forth several valuable prizes, among them the John Quincy Adams Foreign Travel Scholarship, limited to American-born students who have not previously studied abroad; an American traveling scholarship, the Woman's Club Scholarship entitling the holder to three years' free tuition; the Friday Club Scholarship and many others. Then, through the liberality of Martin A. Ryerson, an art library has been established which is really a marvel of its kind, containing among other things the largest collection of photographs of art objects in America. Added to these is the bequest of the late Maria Sheldon Scammon, by which a foundation was provided for an important course of lectures on the history, theory, and practice of the fine arts. John La Farge, Russell Sturgis, William Angus Knight, and Alphonse Mucha have been numbered among the Scammon lecturers. Moreover, Chicago does not let her art interest lag with the coming of the dull season. Almost alone among American cities, she arranges a series of excellent exhibitions during the summer months,—a plan that might well be followed to advantage elsewhere.

IT HAS been necessary to speak of these things that we may understand the attitude of Chicago's public toward her art, and the advantages she places in the hands of the aspiring. Having presented these facts, one is better able to explain some of the characteristics that enter into Chicago art, giving it a fresh and virile life that seems peculiarly its own. A dozen years ago one might have catalogued upon the fingers of one hand the artists of this metropolis of the interior. Today a history of impressionism, the story of symbolic art, or a narrative of the classicists, might be illustrated by the work of artists selected from the various groups that

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now make Chicago truly a center of art activity. Best of all, the Chicago of today seems to be bringing to her artists a sense of the new Americanism that has awakened within the hearts of the strong, and they are introducing into their work the spirit of the West which clears from the aestheticism of certain European schools all that is weak, diseased, discolored, or sickly, substituting instead that sort of healthfulness that makes a picture appeal by the freshness of its conception.

No city in America has given its painters so many walls to decorate, thus producing a condition favorable to art's development along the lines of mural painting and bringing forward many artists of exceptional ability and some of real genius, in whose work appears perhaps one of the strongest impresses of Chicago's *genius loci*. There is not, for instance, in all America a master who has within himself a clearer conception of art's proper application to architecture than Frederic Clay Bartlett, who, although he studied under Collin, Whistler and others, brings a striking originality of his own to bear on every one of his paintings. He is a young Chicagoan of thirty-five, and it will be remembered, received a silver medal at St. Louis and an honorable mention from the Carnegie Institute. In the remarkable mural paintings with which he has decorated the Bartlett Memorial Gymnasium of the University of Chicago, one discerns an Italo-Teutonic spirit that forms a sort of Gothic expression which is all Mr. Bartlett's own, and is not only perfect in drawing and color harmony but original in feeling and in subject, since the work, which is in panels seven feet high, depicts athletic diversion of mediæval times,—a subject which no other artist has as yet turned to his purpose. There is another man, even younger, whose designs for mural decoration command attention, although he is better known by his water colors. This is Frederic Ch. Walton. These two men seem almost destined to be the founders of a "school" of their own, for their color in itself is a revelation. Both are painters of landscape as well as of mural decorations, which brings one to remark that no artist who has not at least lived in Chicago a long time succeeds so well as her own artists in putting into local landscape the soul of the soil. And when her artists go forth to France, Italy, England, or elsewhere, there is always in the things they paint under foreign skies the note of a power to penetrate Nature's secrets and reveal to others the precise quality of the things they see in alien lands. I do not mean by this a literal transcription of Nature's prosaic presentation, nor the putting in of what might be left out, but a translation of what is before the eye, not literal, but absolutely true to the spirit of the original. Words alone never translated Dante suc-

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cessfully, the rhythm and inflection are required to convey the full meaning, and so it is in landscape painting, as such Chicago men as Charles Francis Browne, Charles L. A. Smith, Carl Roeker and others have shown us. This year Mr. Smith exhibited some twenty-four landscapes of Californian country at the Art Institute. They were all done with the effect of that mellow golden glow characteristic of the Pacific State, and perhaps no Californian subjects ever shown have been more successful.

IN GENRE painting there are many strong men and women in Chicago. Adam Emory Albright and Walter Marshall Clute are names that come to one first, perhaps. Where in all the realm of modern art is there anything that touches more surely the chord of American national appreciation than Mr. Albright's paintings of the American boy? It is one of the distinguishing marks of the Chicago artists that they choose their subjects near at hand and, instead of trying to give artistic expression to pretentious ideas, they clothe simple subjects with the very garments of Art herself.

Mr. Albright entered the Art Institute at nineteen. In later years he visited Munich and Paris, in the latter city studying under Benjamin Constant, but when he returned there was no train swift enough, he says, to take him westward over the Alleghenys, home to Chicago. Mr. Albright writes, "I always liked children and wanted to paint them, but the pictures of children had been such slight things, lacking art in the true sense of the word, that I determined to make an effort to keep from such trivial, tiresome things as the everlasting 'Little Girl with a Doll' or 'Boy with Slate,' so instead of that I have painted children in the fields and children around the home, children occupied with the little tasks that they are always given to perform in any new country." In his first exhibition of some thirty pictures, he had chosen such subjects as "Boys Fighting Bumblebees," and "Boy Carrying Wheat Sheaves." Mr. Albright never stunts a tree to make it come into a picture, and when the grass before him is nearly to the top of his canvas, he knows just how to paint the ruddy face under its battered little hat peeping out as though the child were wading through a sea of grain. His studio is a delightfully picturesque log cabin, wherein he has painted nearly all of his canvases. That no one else in America paints just such subjects and in just such a way as does Mr. Albright, again strengthens Chicago's claim to an art of her own.

Mr. Clute bought and remodeled a quaint barn in one of Chicago's suburbs, and all of his recent genre pictures have been painted with its various rooms as backgrounds. As yet the old garden,

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teeming with motifs, has been unused in his compositions. All this is interesting since it shows the love of an artist for his home, a love which leads him to paint not only in and about it, but to depict the very place itself, an influence that is evidenced in the sincerity of his work and leads one to wish that studio life in general were less a matter of north lights and junk and more a matter of home. This love of home seems to be strong with Chicago artists and strong in their art. Mr. Clute's wife is also an artist of ability and their little four-year old daughter has often been painted into their pictures.

Ralph Clarkson, Chicago's most widely known portrait painter, was born in the town where John G. Whittier lived. I mention this because Mr. Clarkson's portraits have much the quality of the poet's verse. There is a refinement and eloquence about them, not *aesthetic*, but harmonious. They are always "well-bred" and are typical of what there is of conservatism in Chicago art.

With another portrait painter, Louis Betts, it is safe to say that the world of art will be much concerned henceforth. His portraits are the most remarkable that have come from so young an American artist at any time. His brush has found what was worth while in Velasquez, has left out what is disagreeable in Sargent, has assimilated the balance of William Chase, but above all remains true to Louis Betts, which is strong praise, deserved but not extravagant. When you look upon his work you know at once the value his art will lend to Chicago's prestige.

What Chicago sculptors have done is better known. Men like Lorado Taft have won laurels from the inspiration they have received there by the lake shore. And who could fail to be astonished at the architectural genius of such men as Louis H. Sullivan, who may well be called the Brunelleschi of the West.

I have not chosen nor desired to describe the separate works of Chicago artists, nor would it be possible within even the cover of a large volume to discuss with any degree of thoroughness so large a subject. Instead, I have attempted to make clear not only that there is art *in* Chicago, but that there is an art that is *of* Chicago; that in the land where so recently the pioneers of our civilization erected their log cabins has sprung forth a glorious city that has managed to retain in the art it has welcomed from other countries and other times the fresh spirit of those glorious days before nature bowed to the necessities of artifice.

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL: A STORY BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS



HERE was the big white bed, and on it lay the tired little child, who had been tired for a very long while. Sitting beside the child there was the Mother.

The twilight hour spilled shadow pools over the big pink room. Light from the fading rose sun, drifted petal by petal in through the shaded window and fell upon the un-played-with toys in the corner. The old clock ticked and stopped to listen and ticked and stopped to listen.

The child's hair lay tangled upon the pillow. It seemed to be trying to crawl away in thin, curved golden strands from the white blue-veined little forehead.

The Mother held the child's small elusive hand and the Mother's eyes were black with unshed pain. But the child's eyes were wide and wondering and the child asked questions in a whisper voice that barely stirred the words.

"Mother, shall I stay here long?"

"No, my Little."

"When can I play again, Mother?"

"Soon, my Little."

"But I don't want to play now. When shall I want to play?"

"Soon, my Little."

"Mother, why do you look so sad?"

"Mother's not—sad, child."

"You come and lie down and I'll sit there. Oh, I can't raise my head, Mother. It's a mean feeling. Please take it away—I'm frightened."

"It won't be long, child dear. The feeling will soon steal away."

"Why, Mother, you're crying—I'm frightened."

"There's nothing to be frightened of, love child."

"Yes, there is. It's all so strange. It isn't as if it were just bedtime. It always seems bedtime now. Give me my doll. She might lie here with me."

The Mother brought the doll—the child cuddled it close to her.
"Mother, it's cold."

The Mother drew a pink comforter over the white bed. The child began picking at its tufts.

And the Mother's heart wept—"Dear God—any hour now. How can I keep her from knowing and being afraid?"

"Mother, something queer's happening. You always tell me everything. Why can't I sleep tonight?"

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL

And the Mother's heart wept—"How can I keep my lamb from being afraid—at the last?"

"You always used to explain things to me in stories, Mother. Put me to sleep with a wonderful story. Make me feel warm with a story, and take away the dark 'fraid feeling."

"If I can lead her gently to the Sleep, she will never have known fear," cried the anguished heart of the Mother. "If I should see fear in my darling's eyes—it would haunt my own death. She must smile, and let go of my hand smiling. Of me—nothing now."

So she sat on the lonely edge of the twilight, and it was as if the big soft bed were a white ocean, rocking her Only One, her frail child away from her—on into a Blue Beyond—while her voice from the Beaches, as the child sailed palely out of reach, became fainter to hear and fainter to hear—telling the Wonderful Story.

"There was once"—she began—"a dear baby girl, who lived in a very beautiful garden, and all the flowers that grew about her—"

"What kind of flowers, Mother?"

"Roses and mignonette and jonquils and violets, and every other kind of flower which smells sweet, my Little. And all the birds who sang in the trees—"

"What kind of birds, Mother?"

"Thrushes and nightingales, dear. And the blue sky, and the brook that laughed and tossed its silver hair—all these things loved my Little—loved the baby girl. Nothing but the beautiful was known to her."

"Did she have dolls and candy and a mother—Mother?"

"Yes, dear, she had dolls and candy and a—mother. There was the Spirit of the Garden too. This Spirit showed the baby girl how to play, and kept her from harm."

"What did the Spirit look like, Mother?"

"It looked like early morning and spring and it had little children's eyes and wings as white as apple blossoms, and it spoke like the voice of water before it reaches the sea—and it had the heart of all things untouched."

"I don't understand, Mother, but I like the Spirit."

"The garden was shut away from the world by a big thick wall of pearl. The child ran and sang and played with balls that flashed like rainbows in the sun. Sometimes, too, she went wading in the brook."

"Oh, I'd like to go, Mother."

"She went wading, and chased tiny silver fish that she never quite caught. Then she would sleep under the trees, and the happy sun would climb down through the leaves and kiss her."

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL

"Where was the mother?"

"The mother was sitting by, in the shadows, dear—watching her baby girl—"

"Go on, Mother."

"But the baby girl could not stay in the garden forever—"

"Why couldn't she, Mother?—Oh, you hurt my hand—you are holding it so tightly, so tightly."

"No, my Little, I am not hurting you. Because the child grew tired of the garden—she had played with everything there. She pressed her eager little face now against the white bars of the garden gate, and she looked and looked at the country beyond—until the Spirit knew that the child must pass through the garden gate. Then the mother wept, for she had been in the country beyond, and had seen many dangers and terrible things there. She wept so hard at the thought of the child meeting these dangers, that the Spirit took great pity on her—"

"What kind of dangers, Mother?"

"Storms and blackness and rain that breaks delicate things, and hands that wring desolately, and voices that cry, and eyes that weep, dear."

"I'd hate the black, Mother."

"So the Spirit took pity on the wisdom in the mother, which dreaded the passing of her child beyond the gates—and It said to her as she stood loving her child—'There is another way. There is a road that leads off over the brow of the hill, but you can only walk half that road now with the child. Later you may meet her by going the other way. But this road is so white that only tiny light feet may touch it—the feet which leave no print. Yours would darken this road, for you have wandered much and dipped your feet in the shadows which stain.' The mother could not decide at once, so the Spirit decided for her. The child should go by the white road. 'You may guide her'—It said to the mother—to the brow of the hill, since you love her so much—but over the brow of the hill, the child shall go alone and she will find such a beautiful land there, that she will always be happy, and she will never know such sorrow as you'—"

"Mother, why can't anyone go over the brow of the hill?"

"Because,—oh my baby child, my little child—it is only a road for tiny light feet. See, we are going to walk together just so far. Then—for you have been very good, and you may go over this road—you shall follow it to its promise."

"I'm cold, Mother. It blurs my throat when I talk. Can you hear me? Are you going away? You look far away. Touch me."

OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL

"Be still, my Little—we are walking down the white road."

"I felt something hot and wet fall on my hand—what was it, Mother?"

"It was a kiss, dear baby. See how clear and smooth the road is. The light shines through white rose bushes, and the air is very soft."

"But over the brow of the hill, Mother—can't you come—can't you, just this once?"

"No, my Little. You will find—let me see what you will find—a palace of white—"

"Sea-shells, Mother."

"Of white sea-shells, on the border of an ocean that rocks my baby to sleep—and there will be lots of other little boys and girls there to keep her company. She will find them waiting for her. That's right,—smile, my Little. You will love them dearly—You can speak of the garden to them—You see Mother told you that it was beautiful. But you will think of her, sometimes—she will come sailing to you over the Ocean, very soon—and my Little—Have we reached the brow of the hill?—My child—my child—the story is not finished—Wait until I finish it—"

The soul of the Mother uncovered its face and looked once at the vanishing soul of the child, over the brow of the hill—then it fell to its knees and mourned, and the air about it shivered with pain. For the Mother stood alone—and the story was not finished.

FOR many days and nights, the Mother knelt where the child had left her—the unfinished story trembling in her grieving heart. It was her dear secret—this unfinished story—and she hugged it close to her, for she felt strangely afraid to finish it by herself.

As time passed, many little friend children came to her, who called her sweet names, but never the sweetest of all. Still they stood at her knee as she told them stories—not the wonderful story—and their faces were like torches which lit her lonely dreams back over the white road to the garden. There lay echoes and bird songs which spoke of the little one who had gone—there lay the hush of the silent playtime of tiny light feet.

Yet she loved these other children. She saw many of them pressing their faces against the garden gate, and she knew then that the Spirit was going to send them out among the dangers. So she tried to help them arm themselves against these dangers, and she became much loved and revered for her gentle wisdom. Often she wondered if Peace of a mystic kind did not after all wait for her at the end of the wonderful story—and pondering over this she grew very wistful.

TO THE CHILD

At last, one night, she fell asleep and dreamed:

She stood on the place where the child had left her—when suddenly back over the brow of the hill came the child. Only now in its eyes shone a wisdom greater than any the Mother had ever known. The child's arms were outstretched. It went straight to the Mother and took her hand.

"Come"—it said—"it is time to finish the story."

"But there is only one way of finishing the story"—said the Mother, "and that I may not do. I can't follow you, my Little, over the brow of the hill. My feet are not tiny and light enough. I should leave sad dark prints to disfigure the beauty of the way. I must go by the Ocean which washes and washes out dyed shadows."

"No, no, little Mother. You shall finish the wonderful story this way. For don't you see that you have waited for me here so beautifully and bent over so many other little children, even when you were most lonely, that you have become as one of them. Come. You will find it all as you thought, only more beautiful."

The Mother humbly took the little child's hand—and together they traveled over the brow of the hill, to the end of the story.

TO THE CHILD

FOR you are the seedlings sprung and grown,
For you are the cattle reared and fed,
By you will the fruit of our lives be known,
And a higher path where our ways have led:

For you are a man and a woman one,
In you are their joys and their sorrows met,
For you, on a pathway tried by none,
Is a passing up from their vain regret:

For you have the countless aeons past
Developed their best of flesh and mind,
And heaped together a treasure vast,
And borne a Soul that your life must find.

MARGUERITE OGDEN BIGELOW.

EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE: A MODERN FRENCH SCULPTOR WHO HAS BEEN CALLED A SPIRITUAL REALIST: BY J. W. FOSDICK



UNTIL the very last generation France has held in her studios the masters of modern sculpture,—Rodin, Meunier, Falguière—all fearless frontiersmen in art. But within the past decade the far north of Europe has awakened to a vigorous and valuable art expression. Belgium, Sweden, Norway and some parts of Russia are telling a new story that is winning the eyes of the world from too long a contemplation of Paris as the great center of creative expression. Not only has the world's art interest been diverted from France, but we have almost ceased to look to that nation for further development or to hope for a continued increase in the ranks of her greatness. And this is not merely because of the sudden development of vital art conditions in the north, but because Paris of late years has given herself up to such fearful eccentricities and whimsicalities in art and literature that the world has grown to shudder a little where it formerly praised and to fear a sterile condition as the outcome of uncontrol in brain and morals. So it is with some surprise that one realizes that in spite of this condition, or possibly as a reaction from it, Paris has been producing a new school of artists,—men of spiritual insight as well as extraordinary force of expression.

Conspicuous among these men is Émile Antoine Bourdelle,—a man with the technique of Rodin and the fine poetical apprehension of Keats—a spiritual realist he has been called, for he is ever seeking in his art the soul of man, but, while on this delicate mission, every touch of chisel to marble is bold, sure, vivid, convincing. M. Bourdelle thinks while he works, not in detached dreams before and after labor; also he is really a poet, as all men are who reach their art through spiritual visions. Yet in the actual labor as a sculptor, he has the definiteness of a woodsman,—a good woodsman with alert mind and rippling muscle and always with tremendous strength—strength of purpose, strength of heart, strength of arm. And so he seeks to find in life and to express in sculpture, the vital realities of being, the essence of great living,—that subtle something which sometimes manifests itself as heroism, again as loyalty, sometimes as humble unselfishness (a thing quite different from generosity); again as reverence, as wisdom, as sympathy; indeed, as one or all of the big, reticent virtues which have animated the real greatness of all ages.

M. Bourdelle does not seek cleverly to express the emotional

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nature of the model who poses for him. Art to him is something greater than dramatic expressions of joy or grief. He has no trite symbolism to carve into enduring—truly long-enduring—stone. He does not bid for the admiration that follows closely after all sentimentality in art. Of his ideals he has said: "I do not wish to know if such a figure appears to be angry or happy or expressing any mimicry whatsoever. What I am seeking is that which torments us all—to discover whether any one of the sentiments or any one of the beings represented is first vital, fit to live; and finding this, to elevate it and amplify it until it expresses justly its synthesis of life."

It is this desire to express the perfect harmony of spirit and matter, this holding art as a medium for spiritual achievement, which Bourdelle contends is essential to all great art development. And then, as he phrases it himself, "Art becomes the bread of life for the souls of men." Thus he does not pretend to embody emotional moods, however dramatic or picturesque or tear-producing; rather he is busy relating man and woman to the big significant conditions in modern existence.

In his study of the figure of a warrior, which is called "After the Battle," and in detail vividly suggests Napoleon, one is not impressed with the idea that it is the figure of a man triumphant, glad of war, full of the self-satisfaction of success; it is rather the impressive figure of Justice herself looking out over the battlefield, reasoning as to its purpose, summing up the right and wrong of it. It is the conqueror standing on the top of all the world, towering above all human conditions, yet without personal vanity or self-satisfaction. Again, in the illustration called "The Poor Mother" one does not see merely the individual peasant mother with her intimate, separate love for *le petit Émile* or *la belle Angèle*; it is rather the universal mother love that is expressed, the tenderness, the strength, the self-abnegation which must forever be the essence of all wholesome maternity and which essentially must come to the front in poverty.

INEVITABLY, a man of this caliber works without self-interest or self-aggrandizement. His great purpose is ethical, not financial. Bourdelle works that France may become greater, and that thus his own art may fulfil its mission. As an instance, in eighteen hundred and ninety-three M. Bourdelle won in competition the commission for a monument in honor of the soldiers who fought for France in the Franco-Prussian war, to be erected in Montauban, his native town. The sculptor was nine years at this work, for which he was paid thirteen thousand francs, and in the end the monument cost him over one hundred thousand francs. During



"AFTER THE BATTLE": EMILE
ANTOINE BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR.



"THE THIRD STUDY OF BEETHOVEN":
EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR.



DETAIL FROM THE MONUMENT TO WAR:
EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR.



"THE POOR MOTHER": EMILE
ANTOINE BOURDELLE, SCULPTOR.

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the nine years he devoted six months of each year to work on the monument and the alternate six months to earning sufficient money to support himself and carry on the work. Naturally, the people in charge of this commission had little understanding of the purpose of so great an artist. They had given their few thousand francs and they wanted to see the completed monument, and so they grew restless with the long delay, and Bourdelle was accused of not working honestly, of stealing their money and of being incapable. But he followed his own counsel. He struggled and achieved and his courage and patience never failed him, and even before the work was done he was winning recognition and friendship from such men as Rodin and Carrière. In nineteen hundred and two the monument was unveiled, and in the artist's studio today there remains over thirty statues and countless heads and life-sized bas-reliefs as evidence of the labor given to this achievement, in addition to all the years of work in supporting himself. It was not until three years after this monument was erected that the attention of the State was brought to his work. This resulted in the purchase of a colossal head of Hercules and a fragment of a bas-relief.

The impersonal character of his work is perhaps most emphatically shown in his portrait busts of Beethoven. Already he has modeled at least eight heads of the great composer, whose music he has always loved, and first heard sung, when he was a little lad, by the great street singers of Toulouse. His various studies of Beethoven have awakened the interest of all eminent musicians, artists, and even museum directors. The seventh portrait bust was purchased by the State for the Museum of Luxembourg, and this particular study of Beethoven is Rodin's favorite one, for a copy of which he has exchanged some of his own work with M. Bourdelle. Most musicians prefer the third study of the master as being more romantic, a shade more intimate, and copies of this study are owned by Joachim, Falk and others. Rousset, the French musician, wrote of the bust the following words of praise to M. Bourdelle: "No words of mine can express what I feel when I sit before your Beethoven. It is more like the terror experienced before a divine revelation or the awe felt upon hearing one of Beethoven's last quartettes." And Director Bellaigue of the Paris Conservatoire, wrote of the same study: "I have just seen your tragic statue of the greatest of musicians in the rooms of Risler, the greatest interpreter of Beethoven. I send you a review of it from the *Deux Mondes*. You will find in this review homage to the genius we three serve with unequal force but with the same love." The *Deux Mondes* was full of enthusiasm for Bourdelle's study of Beethoven. "It is modeled," said this critical paper,

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"with vehement liberty. It expresses the martyrdom of genius that gives all that is best of itself to mankind."

THIS probably most spiritual of the French sculptors was born in eighteen hundred and sixty-one. His father was a wood carver, and his education was begun in the school of Toulouse, where he worked for nine years and won the Grand Prix de Paris which took him to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. At this famous school in Paris he stayed but one year, not because he was not successful in his work—for he ranked second in a competition in which four hundred students participated—but because he was not contented with the academic atmosphere, preferring the quality of a master like Falguière, with whom he studied and whose lasting friendship he won.

His first commission came to him from his native town. It was for a bust of Michelet the historian. His opportunities for making a success of this task were great, as he was a close friend of the widow of Michelet, who gladly supplied him with all the photographs and data necessary. He executed at the same time, for the schools of his native town, a bust of Etienne Arigo, and four years later he made a statue of Leon Cladel for the public square of Montauban.

What the influence of a man like Bourdelle will be on French art is one of the interesting problems for European discussion. He is less picturesque, less powerful, less dramatic than Rodin; he is less definitely sympathetic and human than Meunier, and a greater poet and philosopher than either. But after all, it is not really so much a question of Bourdelle's significance to France as of France's attitude toward Bourdelle,—toward, in fact, all finer, subtler, spiritual growth. Will France recognize this phase of her art development, or is it possible that a nation which has wandered out through so many byways of eccentric intellectual interest may have lost all power to concentrate upon, or even to recognize, the spiritual phases in art and literature? The very attenuated meaning which France has given to the word *spirituelle* seems somewhat to symbolize her sentimental, artificial interest in ethical conditions. Bourdelle is searching through the width and depth of France for her soul; the significance of his influence must depend on France.

THE FARM INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL: WHAT IT WOULD DO TOWARD EQUIPPING OUR BOYS AND GIRLS FOR LIFE AND WORK: BY HENRY K. BUSH-BROWN

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following article by Mr. Henry K. Bush-Brown, the well-known sculptor, is the more interesting because it grows out of a theory of education developed by Mr. Bush-Brown from actual experiment with his own and neighboring children. He is now making preparations to put into effect his idea of a Farm Industrial School on his own place at Newburg, New York, where the principles, of which he gives a general idea in this article, will be put to the test of practical application.)



SA NATION, we have prided ourselves much upon the facilities for education that we offer to all our children, and make it our boast that not only is there no need for any child to be illiterate, but that we use every pains to make it impossible for him to be deprived of what we call a common school education. Yet within the last few years there has been much criticism of the efficiency of our public school system as applied to the practical problems of life, and it has been urged, and with very good reason, that such schooling as the average child gets tends more to give him a superficial smattering of book learning that really unfits him for direct thought and thorough work and that brings him nothing substantial in the way of an equipment for making a living.

Such criticisms are not flattering to our national pride, but at the present time they are undeniably true, and the fact that they are true may be attributed to the false standards which have resulted from our rapid national growth and overweening commercial prosperity. In the early period when our school system was formed, we were entirely an agricultural people and the school year was confined to a few months in the winter when the boys and girls were not needed to do the work of the farm and the household. There was no need then of laws against child labor, for their work was in or with the family in wholesome and mostly outdoor surroundings, and doing his share of the labor of the family was as much a part of the child's life as eating his portion of the daily food of the family. The means for obtaining books, and of learning the use of them, were very few in comparison with those of this day and generation, and the opportunities opened by such knowledge were correspondingly greater. So, naturally, the people came to have an attitude of worship toward books and book learning, and out of this has grown an educational development which now tends to foster false standards and false ideals, because the old healthy conditions that balanced them have vanished. Our system practically tells the child that the knowledge of books and the ability to display that knowledge is the means, and the only

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means, of emancipation from toil; that "knowledge will set you free." That was true once, when there were but few things taught and those few were learned thoroughly, but it is by no means true today.

There is no question about our having been led astray with regard to values in educational matters when we allowed the school and college curriculum to be overcrowded so that there could be no time to learn anything thoroughly. We have only to look over the examination papers of those who pass up for admission to the universities and colleges to receive a convincing demonstration of this fact. The standard now is not to know a few fundamental things well, but to know a great many things merely well enough to pass the examinations,—not at all for the purpose of making the knowledge a part of the resources of the individual, to be immediately put to work in the life that the child is then leading, but as a provision against some remote contingency that may arise in future.

EVERY child must learn sooner or later, and the sooner the better, that the world will demand that he do something to help on the progress of civilization, and that the first and only question will be: "What can he do?" He must realize that what he learns in schools or colleges will be valuable to him only to the extent of his ability to turn that knowledge to some useful purpose in the service of his fellowmen. It is not what he has studied or what certificate of scholarship he holds, or who his father is, but simply: "What can he do?" If he has skill of hand and efficiency of brain in *any* direction,—then there is somewhere, at once, a place for him. Above all, he must realize that whatever the advantages of his education, his chosen calling in life has but one place of beginning,—and that is at the bottom; also, that a good deal of what he gets from school or college is only culture, which has but a negligible market value, and which gives him no patent right to strike in at the top, or at any point above his productive or executive ability.

In the special scientific development of our schools, we much flatter ourselves that the separate parts have been brought into such harmonious relation with one another that it is but a graduation of easy steps from the A B C primer to the degree of Ph. D. The whole has been arranged as if it were expected that every child would or should become at least a Bachelor of Arts, when the fact is that only a few have the talent or the means for such an education. As a result, there are many misfits in the world, who have been taught to despise all manual occupations as beneath their education, who know how to do nothing thoroughly and who seek to live by their wits,—which have been but ill prepared to serve them. Therefore, as the

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direct result of our present system of public school education, we find that the average child brought up in the average home and educated according to the public school system from books alone,—the child who reads the average daily paper in which crime and not honesty is chiefly exploited and who spends his leisure on the street and in the “nickelettes” and cheap theaters,—has a pretty small chance in the world compared with the child of a few generations ago, who walked a mile or more to the little red school house to gain what learning he could, and who took his fair share in the duties and responsibilities of the family, whether that family lived in a village or on a farm.

WE ARE all familiar with the saying, “It takes only three generations from shirt-sleeve to shirt-sleeve.” If, then, the average American family has to go back to the shirt-sleeve for a new start every few generations, let us acknowledge that the best energies of the people have come from the shirt-sleeve foundation, and frankly say that it is the best, if not the only, place to start in life. Then, through the medium of the schools, let us give all the youth of the land the advantage and value of a thorough and practical training in working with their hands, in connection with the academic school-work that is now given them.

A child may have cleverness enough to superficially commit to memory sufficient facts and rules to enable him to pass examinations, and yet have gained nothing of real value in the development of character or the ability to cope with life, but when he stands at a workman's bench, there is no compromise with honest, straight and true work. He must do his very best if what he makes is to come together and stand the test of use. If he endeavors to control the product of the soil, he must again do honest, true and straight work, or nature will get the best of him. There can be no compromise or negligence here.

One of the weak points of the manual training schools is that they are conducted on a theoretical rather than a practical basis and deal with mechanics as a part of the school training rather than a definite preparation for earning a living by doing adequate work. The work would be better done by a farm industrial school run on the most practical basis, where every shop and industry would be managed like a business, and where the scholars, by their ability and industry, might attain not only a recognized standing as workers, but a share in the management. Under such a system, each little industry would be a separate enterprise, and yet be a part of the whole. Each child would soon feel the stimulus of dealing with real life, including laws, government, banking, mechanics and agriculture in their

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several forms, and find something to do which would tax all his powers and give him a real interest and joy in work. The need for the application of knowledge to his daily occupation would give a new value to all his school opportunities. He would find out that, whatever work a person chooses to do in the world, it will, if he give it his very best efforts and attention, broaden out as he goes forward, until that which at first seemed so simple, really extends to the very horizon of life. Such a school, giving so many opportunities for diversity of occupation, would tend above all things to develop initiative and self-reliance. Under such a system of training, each child would be apt to find himself; that is, find what particular calling in life he was best fitted to fill.

ALL this may sound very radical, and I admit that all reforms should be moderate and not shock too much the established conditions of things. Therefore, I would suggest that most of the desired results could be accomplished in half of the year. Let us then consider the year divided into equal parts, from November fifteenth to April fifteenth, the city schools to be conducted just as they are now, that is, devoted almost exclusively to training the intellect. When a child has attained the age of ten or eleven, he would have the privilege of going to a farm industrial school from April fifteenth to November fifteenth, where he would choose or be assigned to learn some trade, including agriculture. Two or three hours each day might be given to school study of a kind directly related to his work and to the life about him. But work and play at this summer school would be so arranged and modified as to attain the highest possible physical development for each individual. As to the domestic side, I would have the students housed in little family groups, and it would be the duty of each child to do part of the house or camp work,—boys and girls both being taught how to cook in the most economical and scientific way. Entirely aside from the other advantages of the school, I believe that one generation of such domestic training for the half of each year would do more than a century of legislation toward reducing the number of cases in the divorce courts and raising in every way the standard of the home.

The idea of the farm industrial school is not new. It has worked well in educating the negroes and Indians at Hampton, Carlisle, and Tuskegee, and in giving a chance for decent citizenship to the street waifs at Freeville, in the George Junior Republic and elsewhere. Why not try it with our own children, for whom we naturally wish the best? The history of the world shows us that the best of mankind have come from this sort of training, and we are at last awaken-

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ing to the fact that, sooner or later, we must make place for it in our own school system, if we are to attain the best development of which our people are capable.

While such a school system may be expensive to establish, it will not necessarily be costly to maintain, as the industries will largely support the students. If fresh country air and freedom are good for little children, how much more important are the healthy country influences and activities for those of larger growth,—boys and girls who now spend their idle summer hours in the streets getting into all sorts of mischief and not infrequently learning to be criminals because there is nothing else attractive within their view. If a great city like New York or Chicago would add a thorough farm industrial school plan to the already well-managed school system, the moral and intellectual gain would be so great as to fully justify the proportionate additional expense. There never was a time when it was more needed, and its effect would be felt in all parts of our social life.

Our present school system prepares boys and girls for the counting-house, the store, the shop, and the mill. If for any reason their occupation fails them in after life, they have no other resources, they have no knowledge or wish to return to the soil, nor would they be of any use there. From East, West, North, and South, there comes the complaint that there are not enough hands to till the soil or gather the crops,—and yet a part of the city population is at the starvation point much of the time. We cannot expect the foreign countries always to supply the energy for the farm, as they are so largely doing now, or can we get the best agricultural results without putting a larger percentage of our best native ability into it. I believe there is no channel by which the country can be supplied, and the congestion of the cities relieved, so potent with regard to results as this system of industrial farm schools would be. Furthermore, the fact that the farm is the best place to train people for real life and work is amply proved by the large number of country-bred boys and girls who find their way to the cities and dominate in business and in the affairs of city life.

ANOTHER point of vital importance to us as a nation is that, as things are now arranged, there is no time either in the home or in the school for any proper physical development of the youth of our land. Just at the time that they need a lot of outdoor life and systematic muscular exercise, we shut them up in a school for six hours a day and require so much home study that there is almost no freedom left for outdoor life. Even the little time that is left is usually neglected by parents and teachers alike,—and is too

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frequently wasted by the child. No wonder our children grow up anæmic and that consumption has become the white man's curse. The neglect of the parents comes not only from ignorance, but from lack of time to devote to the family. So it must become the duty of the schools to improve the health and vigor of the children if the American people are to maintain an adequate physical, mental, and moral standard.

A child of almost any age intensely enjoys doing things and helping to make things. This is the time to let him have free scope to test the world, to let him experiment with everything and to teach him thoroughness and industry. Habits formed in childhood become part of the character. Association with and knowledge of the laws of nature strengthen the appreciation of the moral law and broadens the field of thought and research leading naturally to the proper use of books. We need only to watch a child to see how nature teaches; the smallest infant has joy in experimenting with his muscles and this joy in the body continues through all childhood. But alas! instead of seeing in it nature's method of development, we have practically written over the portals of all our schools—"He who enters here leaves all joy of his body behind him."

THERE is one city of the Union, the National Capital, where these principles of education could easily be put in force and where every item of success attained would be constantly before the whole American people. The question of education is essentially a national question and the government has made many attempts to better the conditions and solve some of its besetting problems. There is now a strong move to establish a National University after a century of waiting for a leader of the project. The time has not been lost, for we have made many experiments during the interval since Washington left a fund of money to carry out this idea. We have an accumulation of facts and data of the greatest possible value in considering the plans for a National University. Let them be well studied before setting up the outline for its organization. Let us see if we cannot break away from the domination of that kind of scholasticism which confines like bands of iron the most of our educational institutions, and let us make this university solidly and broadly based on the needs of the American people, to lead each and every one of the citizens to a higher and better appreciation of the great opportunity that results from citizenship in our free land, and to make each individual unit count for the maximum of accomplishment in the development of the nation.

WHY THE HANDICRAFT GUILD AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN HAS NOT BEEN A BUSINESS SUCCESS: BY ERNEST A. BATCHELDER



ONE learns with regret of the decline of the Guild of Handicraft at Campden, England. Much has been written about this enterprise, of its ideals, the conditions of labor found in its shops and of the social problem that it was trying to solve. It has been in existence for about twenty years. It was in a prosperous condition

at the time it gave up its shops in London, and ventured out into the country. It was a development from a class in designs, coming about through a desire to make some practical application of the teaching. An opportunity came in which the workers coöperated in the decoration of a hall. The success of this work led to a definite organization, the enterprise grew apace from a handful of workers to a large workshop or series of shops. In the first years of its work the Guild came closer to the idea implied by the word Guild than it has since, if one may judge from the literature on the work of the shops and from the word of those connected with the venture.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, I believe, a reorganization was effected on a basis that excited considerable interest. It was incorporated, as a matter of business, but with a number of unique provisions in its constitution. Briefly:—Each workman, or Guildsmen as they were called, contributed a certain specified sum, one or two shillings, from his weekly wage to the capital of the concern, receiving in return a share of stock as soon as the sum of his contributions amounted to five dollars. The idea sought was to give the actual workers a constantly increasing share of the business with the avowed purpose, in time, of leaving its management largely in their hands. It was necessary for a man to work for at least six months in the shops before he was eligible for election to the Guild membership, and, according to the rules, he could not thereafter be arbitrarily discharged. The workers were to have a voice in the management at all times through the election at stated intervals of a labor director on the board of managers. The workers also shared, of course, in any dividends that were declared. It was expected through the above plan that the members would evince an unusual degree of interest in the work and in the welfare of the organization.

About six or seven years ago the Guild moved from its London shops out into the country. An old silk mill was leased in Chipping Campden, a town of many rare old charm, in Gloucester, on the line of the Great Western Railway. A salesroom was established in Brooks Street, London. At Campden, in the country air, where

THE GUILD AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN

each man might have his own cottage with a garden, where the work was done in large well lighted shops, it was hoped that the ideals of the Guild might be more fully realized than in the city.

Among the activities of the shops were jewelry working, silver-smithing, enameling, cabinet making, iron working and printing. Here, under the name of the Essex Press, was continued the work that William Morris built up at the Kelmscott Press in Hammersmith. His presses were removed to Campden and with them came some of the workmen who were associated with Morris. What a charm this name has, by the way. Wherever you talk with a Morris workman, and I have talked with a number of them at one time or another, you will find a man who speaks of his old employer with actual reverence. He was loved by every man who worked for him and when he passed away he left a big void in many lives. His men are scattered now, and work because, perforce, we must all work, but there is no longer the same incentive, the same real enthusiasm. One and all his workmen live back in the "good old days," as they call them, pegging along at their present "jobs" because bread and butter must be provided. The joy of work has passed away.

DURING the year nineteen hundred and five I spent some time at the bench in the shops of the Guild at Campden and was much interested in observing the actual working out of the plan from the workmen's point of view. At that time there were about fifty workers and apprentices employed, good, thoroughly trained craftsmen all for them, many of them having been associated with the Guild for several years, some of them from the start. The conditions for work were good, even though the hours were rather long. Fancy an American workman putting in an hour before breakfast! "If I am going to work before breakfast," said Artemus Ward,— "I want my breakfast first." In much of the work considerable liberty was allowed the workmen in the execution of the designs furnished him, and it was hand work throughout except in some instances where the machine might tide over some of the drudgery involved. The environment was of the best, sunshine and flowers,— and will one ever forget the charm of the old leaded glass windows with the mottled spots of sunlight across the floor of the shops!— the gardens at the rear, the quaint, rambling village street with its little market hall and stone roofed houses. Under the circumstances one would expect to find a spirit of harmony and contentment with men interested in their work and in the welfare of the shop itself. But during the time I was there I found, on the contrary, a spirit of discontent, what we in America would call "knocking."

THE GUILD AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN

IT MAY be interesting to seek the causes of the Guild's decline in numbers and importance. One cause no doubt may be found in the fact that its work is no longer unique in character of design and method of production. There are many competing organizations and firms doing equally good work. During its early days there was little competition in the line of the work done. Again,—it came into being at a time when Morris and his associates were arousing interest in a better and more thoroughly made product.

But the chief cause is from within and not from without. Today I found one of the old Guildsmen in the heart of London, down a crooked street, under an arch, up a rickety flight of steps in the court,—and at the top you must look out or you will bump your head. He was working at his bench and we enjoyed a long chat together. It is not my purpose to detail bench gossip; but as his views coincided with my own observations I believe it is well to express them. It is unnecessary to question the motives of those who were responsible for the management of the Guild; it may be assumed without doubt that they were of the highest. But owing to the fact that the Guild was, in its constitution, at any rate, offering an unique solution of the labor question, it is quite proper to seek a reason for its loss of prestige. In the first place it was a business enterprise and, in so far as could be seen, was conducted on lines not essentially different from any other business. There is little difference between "inviting" a workman to resign and "giving him the sack." The payment of a percentage of the weekly wage into the capital of the concern was not voluntary; it was deducted from the wage. As many of the workers found themselves in time with, to them, substantial sums of money involved with no return in dividends from the investment, this again was a contributory cause for discontent. Moreover the organization of the managing board and the voting power were so adjusted that the voice which the workmen were assumed to have in the business was more fiction than fact. Now the average British workman believes that he is a socialist; he is blunt of speech too and likes to call a spade a spade. The workmen at Campden felt that the socialistic ideals of the Guild were well enough on paper, but that they were not practiced in fact. It is my belief that if the Guild had abandoned its scheme of coöperation three years ago and frankly organized on a sound business basis it might still be in a flourishing condition. Coöperation that does not coöperate breeds discontent among those who are coöperated upon. Shop jealousies and petty bickerings would have disappeared if some of the inoperative items of the Guild's ideal constitution had been laid aside.

A BANK BUILT FOR FARMERS: LOUIS SULLIVAN DESIGNS A BUILDING WHICH MARKS A NEW EPOCH IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE: BY CARL K. BENNETT

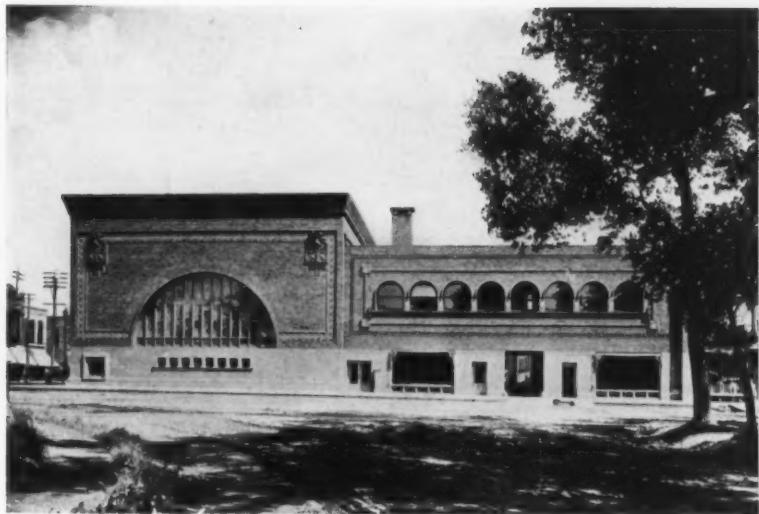
(Editor's Note.—The following description of the remarkable building designed by Mr. Louis Sullivan for the National Farmers Bank of Owatonna was written by the Vice-President of the Bank. The article is significant in a number of ways, first, in the impression it gives, however unintentionally, of the progressiveness and intelligence of the bank officials in taking into account the tastes and requirements of their prosperous farmer-patrons, and insisting upon having a building that would not only be beautiful, but which would also express the character of the business to be carried on within its walls and be in complete harmony with the environment in which it stands. Second, it is the first instance that has come to the notice of *THE CRAFTSMAN* of a client being so completely satisfied with the way in which an architect has expressed the idea that he himself has had in mind that he felt it incumbent upon him to tell the world at large just how much credit is due to the man who embodied in brick, wood and stone a more or less vague ideal of possible beauty and fitness. *THE CRAFTSMAN* has long been interested in the vital work Mr. Sullivan is doing, and we are glad of the opportunity to print so delightful a tribute to his courage and initiative in design and his power of achievement.)



THE natural industry of Southern Minnesota is agriculture. Here diversified farming and the coöperative creamery have brought prosperity. In the midst of this favored farming country lies the County of Steele, which boasts of producing a larger amount of the best butter per square mile of area than any other county in the world. The county seat is the beautiful little city of Owatonna, which is not much given to manufacturing, but depends almost wholly upon the contiguous farming country for its prosperity. The population of both city and county is a wonderful mixture of races.

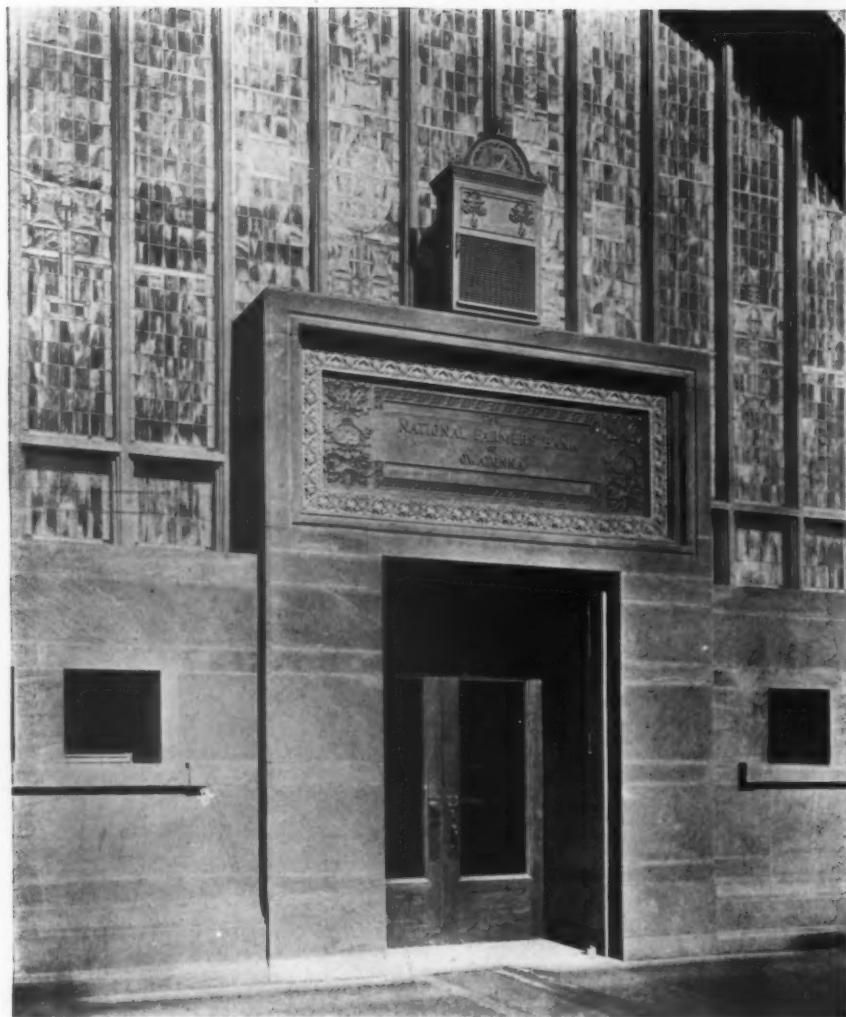
The National Farmers Bank of Owatonna was established thirty-five years ago by Dr. L. L. Bennett, who is today, as he was then, its president. This bank began in a very small way, but prospered with the growth of the surrounding country. With increasing business came the natural need for a larger and more convenient banking room, and the officers of the bank not only felt the necessity of adequate and practical housing for its business, but also desired to furnish its patrons with every convenience that was necessary and incident to its environment. But this was not all. They believed that an adequate expression of the character of their business in the form of a simple, dignified and beautiful building was due to themselves and due to their patrons, through whose generous business coöperation had been made possible the financial preparation for a new building. Further than that, they believed that a beautiful business house would be its own reward and that it would pay from the financial point of view in increased business.

The layout of the floor space was in mind for many years, but



Louis H. Sullivan, Architect.

A BANK BUILT FOR FARMERS IN OWATONNA,
MINN.: SIDE AND FRONT VIEW SHOWING MASSIVE-
NESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

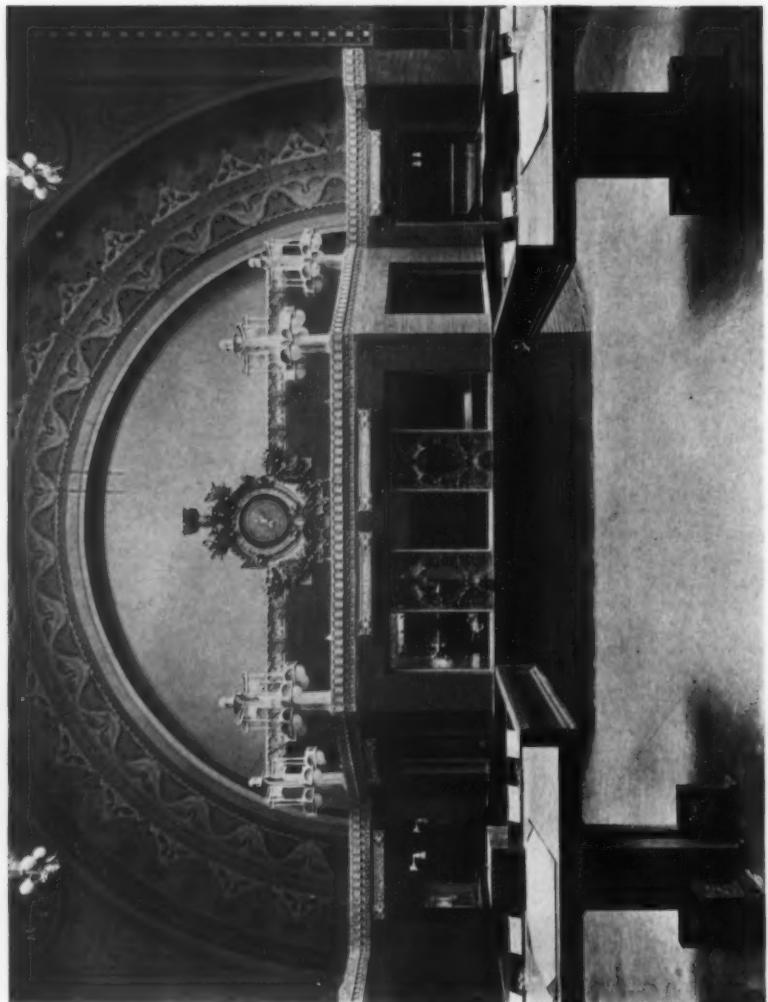


DETAIL SHOWING DESIGN OF ENTRANCE
TO THE NATIONAL FARMERS BANK.



VESTIBULE INSIDE THE MAIN
ENTRANCE OF BANK.

LOBBY OF THE NATIONAL FARMERS BANK.





THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM, PANELED
AND CEILED IN OAK.



OFFICER'S PLATFORM, SHOWING INTERESTING
USE OF BRICK AND TREATMENT OF WALLS.

A BANK BUILT FOR FARMERS

the architectural expression of the business of banking was probably a thing more felt than understood. Anyhow, the desire for such expression persisted, and a pretty thorough study was made of existing bank buildings. The classic style of architecture so much used for bank buildings was at first considered, but was finally rejected as being not necessarily expressive of a bank, and also because it is defective when it comes to any practical use.

Because architects who were consulted preferred to follow precedent or to take their inspiration "from the books," it was determined to make a search for an architect who would not only take into consideration the practical needs of the business but who would heed the desire of the bank officers for adequate expression in the form of the building of the use to which it would be put. This search was made largely through the means of the art and architectural magazines, including *THE CRAFTSMAN*, with the hope of finding some architect whose aim it was to express the thought or use underlying a building, adequately, without fear of precedent,—like a virtuoso shaping his material into new forms of use and beauty. From this search finally emerged the name of one who, though possibly not fully understood or appreciated at first, seemed to handle the earth-old materials in virile and astonishingly beautiful forms of expression. The work and personality of Mr. Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago, was then carefully investigated, with the result that he was the man sought to solve the problem of an adequate expression of banking in this new bank building. How well Mr. Sullivan did this work is partially revealed by the photographic illustrations, but the best evidence is the increasing delight of the owners in the use of the building.

SINCE more land was available than was needed for strictly banking purposes,—amounting in all to sixty-eight feet west frontage and one hundred and fifty-four feet south frontage,—the problem resolved itself into the construction of a "monumental" bank building, occupying sixty-eight feet square on a corner, and the improvement of the remainder of the land so as to produce a reasonable cash revenue, by utilizing it for two shops, fifteen office units and a small warehouse, all a part of the same building and therefore entirely harmonious in design, material and construction.

Reddish brown sandstone forms the base of the entire building; above this, Oriental bricks in soft and variegated colors are used for the walls. These bricks are laid in the ordinary way, with every fifth course a header course and with raked-out joints. A wide band of polychromatic terra cotta (chiefly Teco green) and a narrow

A BANK BUILT FOR FARMERS

band of glass mosaic in high color "frame in" the bank exterior, which is further enriched by corner ornaments and a cornice of brown terra cotta. The two massive brick arches enclose stained glass windows which have a general effect of rich variegated green. The shop and office portion of the building is notable for its piers of rich brown terra cotta, enlivened with ornaments of Teco green and bright blue. The color effect of the exterior is hard to describe for it has something of the color quality of an old Oriental rug,—that is, all the colors, when seen from a distance, blend into a general impression of soft red and green, while at close range they maintain their strong and beautiful individuality. The exterior of the building gives at once the impression of strength and solidity as well as beauty. Above all, it suggests "bank"—a safe place for keeping money and valuables.

Within, a floor of plain green tile is laid over all. The wainscoting is made of Roman bricks of a rich red color, capped with an ornamental band of green terra cotta. The counters and partitions are of these same red Roman bricks capped with green terra cotta, and the counter tops and deal plates are of Belgian black marble. Above the wainscoting the walls and ceiling are a glory of luxuriant color and form. The colors of early spring and autumn predominate, with a steady note of green throughout the entire scheme. The woodwork is all of quarter-sawed white oak, laid in broad smooth surfaces and panels and finished in Craftsman style, which gives the wood a soft brown tone in which there is a subtle undertone of green. The furniture is Craftsman throughout and is all of oak finished to match the woodwork.

In addition to the most complete modern equipment for the transaction of banking business, the building contains a somewhat unusual Farmers' Exchange, a Women's Room and a Consultation Room. The Farmers' Exchange Room is finished with white glazed tile walls, green tile floor, and a ceiling of leaded glass panels set between heavy oaken beams. Along the walls are comfortable built-in seats covered with Craftsman cushions. This room is intended for the private use of farmers in their business meetings and is used also as a convenient meeting place for business or social engagements. The Women's Room is intended as a rest room for the farmers' wives and children and is somewhat more homelike than the room for men, as it shows a warmer and richer color scheme and is provided with high-back settles, low rocking-chairs and small tables and writing desks. The President's Room is finished wholly in wood and is charming in its friendly simplicity of oak paneling. It is fitted with a Craftsman office desk and swivel-chairs upholstered in soft dull-red

GOLD

leather. The Consultation Room is advantageously located between the officers, platform and the President's Room, and is used for private business conferences. It is finished in oak throughout, like the President's Room, and is furnished with a big Craftsman desk, comfortable office chairs, and a settle well filled with Craftsman cushions.

No attempt has been made to make one department more beautiful or comfortable than another; for the one idea that dominated the whole plan was to make each room serve just as well as possible the purpose for which it was intended.

The craftsmanship displayed in the construction, fittings and decoration of this building is astonishingly good for this machine-made age, showing as it does so many of the characteristics of the golden age of handicrafts. Everything is of special design and was first put on paper by Mr. Sullivan. Especially notable are the decorative effects in terra cotta, iron and plaster, the designs for which were all modeled in clay and then taken in hand by the various craftsmen whose duty it was to give finished product. Cast iron is not usually thought of as a good medium for art expression, but the grilles or wickets and the electroliers show marvelous taste and skill in shaping this material into forms that are both useful and beautiful, and that show strong individuality in design and handling. Another detail that does much to make up the beauty of the whole is the way in which color has been used on the walls and in the stained glass of the windows. The general effect is warm, rich and glowing without being over-brilliant.

The owners of this building feel that they have a true and lasting work of art—a structure which, though "built for business," will increase in value as the years go by and which will be as adequate for use and as fresh and inspiring in its beauty one hundred years from now as it is today.

GOLD

WHAT if your stronger brother go
Before you up the hill,
To stake his claim above the snow,
Where all the crags are still?

Many a man, with empty hands
Returning old and poor,
Has found a fortune in the sands
Adrift about his door!

ALOYSIUS COLL.

AN ARTIST'S HOME IN JAPAN: HOW HELEN HYDE HAS MODIFIED AN EASTERN ENVIRONMENT TO MEET WESTERN NEEDS IN ITS OWN WAY: BY BERTHA E. JAQUES



HERE is one place in Tokyo, not mentioned in the guide book, which you will be fortunate if you have a chance to see, and that is the home of Helen Hyde, the San Francisco artist whose woodcuts and colored etchings have brought her renown in many countries. It is in a district known as Akasaka, where, aside from a few foreign embassies, only Japanese architecture exists and where Japanese life is practically unchanged.

Unless you are familiar with the narrow little erratic streets of Japan, which run in all directions and at all angles, you may think your *jinrikisha* man is taking you down some private lane to Number Eight Hikawa cho. Over the thick green hedge on either side peer curious trees and tile roofs with never a chimney to break the ripple of their curves. You are wishing you might see all the fascinating things that must be hidden by the hedge when suddenly your man-horse drops the shafts to the ground in front of a high wooden gate with hinges and pillar tops of green copper.

Then you realize the advantages of the *jinrikisha*, or *kuruma* as the Japanese call it, when your horse may be also the driver, as well as the groom, and even your guide. He opens the gate and in the interval of being rolled in over a fine pebbly walk, you get again the lane-like effect. A low moss covered stone wall on either side, with ferns in every crevice, is topped by a narrow bank in which more ferns cluster around the base of trees. If it is early spring, the glossy leaved camellia is starred with red blossoms; if it is April, the cherry trees are heavy with pink bloom.

At the end of the short lane, you perceive a stone *torii*, or gate, and its duplicate in wood just beyond. Moreover there are carved stone foxes on either side, and the stone cistern in which worshippers wash their hands before approaching the shrine. And there, at the end, is the shrine itself; a small wooden building with light bars in the door through which you see the tiny altar. If you have been visiting the temples of Japan, you recognize all these things as belonging thereto, even the *shimenawa*, or rope of rice straw which encircles the huge sacred *hinoki* tree—all objects of veneration. You wonder at the presence of these things until it is explained that they were the pioneer possessors of the land. The shrine itself is known to be over one hundred and eighty years old and the trees were even then middle aged. No Shinto worshipper now clangs the bell to



VIEW OF HELEN HYDE'S HOUSE IN THE DISTRICT KNOWN AS AKASAKA IN TOKYO, JAPAN.

A CORNER OF THE STUDIO, LOOKING OUT INTO JAPANESE GARDEN.



IN THE DINING ROOM YOU NOTICE THE INVASION
OF WESTERN CONVENiences.

THE BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF THIS ROOM IS
CONSPICUOUS BOTH IN WALL TREATMENT AND
FURNITURE.

AN ARTIST'S HOME IN JAPAN

get the attention of the presiding spirit whose abode the occupant of the land is bound to protect and repair.

Turning from the shrine you observe the house which Miss Hyde designed, hidden until now by the garden fence of bamboo. It is a two-story structure of wood in its natural color, gently mellowed by time and weather, with gray tile roof broken into projecting curves. There seems to be no door; only light wooden bars like a bird cage. You expect the *kurumaya* to clap his hands in native fashion, but he calmly pushes a button and you recognize the invasion of foreign conveniences. Almost immediately the bars part and slide either side of what looks like a Japanese doll. A toy it might be, bowing so low before you, but in reality it is Toyo, the little maid who asks you in a soft voice to "honorably entering deign."

In the vestibule you leave your rubbers, if it has been raining, which it frequently does in Japan. If your shoes are quite clean, you may leave them on and enter the reception hall, for Miss Hyde's *tatami*, or fine straw mats, are covered with rugs. The first object you face as you enter is a large flower arrangement of pine, the favorite emblem of long life. Over it hangs a curious and fascinating piece of wood done into lace patterns by boring insects, forming a background for large ideographs in greenish bronze; a house blessing it may be, or a welcome sign to the guest. There is only time to observe a table and chair carved in lotus designs before you are ushered into the drawing room.

FEW foreigners are able to introduce customary comforts without destroying the simplicity of Japanese house interiors. But Miss Hyde seems to have solved this problem. Here are chairs, carved, wicker and lacquer, in artistic shapes,—some of them designed by Miss Hyde,—and a carved table, all of Japanese workmanship. But they keep their proper places and do not disturb the eye, which rests on the plain, brown, pictureless wall and low gray-brown ceiling of natural wood.

There are two *tokonoma*, or honorable recesses. In one stands an old Korean cabinet inlaid with mother of pearl. It holds, as you may have a chance to learn, a choice collection of old brocades, embroideries and dyed stuffs in *kimonos*, priest's robes and *obi*. With her models arrayed in these costumes, many of them old and rarely beautiful, Miss Hyde can reproduce in her prints types long since passed away.

In the other recess may be a flower arrangement of cherry, or whatever flower is then in season. It is very simple and looks easy to do, but Hondo San makes it her life work and her pupils find it

AN ARTIST'S HOME IN JAPAN

no easy task to please her. Each week she arrives, followed by a coolie carrying a large bundle of budding branches and flowers from which she selects and teaches her pupils to make arrangements for all the house. Over the flowers hangs the one picture, a painting mounted in the form of a hanging scroll and called a *kakemono*.

That only candle light is used in the room is indicated by the four tall brass *andon*, or floor lanterns in lotus designs, with globes of white silk. There is a large brass *hibachi*, or fire box, on the floor to hold coal for the open grate, an item that does not belong to Japan's list of comforts. On one side of the room runs an outer gallery enclosed with glass shutters. When the paper *shoji* and the outer wooden *amado* are all pushed aside, the room opens like a porch on a garden.

The things that can grow in the limited space of a Japanese garden are unbelievable. There is a clump of bamboo; a persimmon tree, magnolia, camellias, cherries, plums and fine-leaved red maple. Under these grow bushes of azalea, the *nanten* with its scarlet berries and the *yamabuki* with its brilliant yellow flowers. As if this were not enough, on a bench of gnarled wood, in Japanese pots of old blue and gray, some of the large trees are repeated in miniature—pines, firs, and an *icho* tree which look centuries old though only a foot or two high. Perhaps the most treasured spot in the garden is a bed of cowslips which made a long journey from a certain home bed in California. There are other reminders of home in the climbing roses and wistaria which trail over a bamboo trellis.

In the dining room there is a departure again from Japanese ideas in the round table, the black lacquered chairs and the green rug with bamboo designs in black. No light is softer or more agreeable to the eye than that which comes through the thin Japanese paper of the *shoji*. When this falls on a mellow buff wall, nearly the color of the natural pine ceiling, the effect is restful indeed. The green of the rug is repeated in the four *fusuma*, or sliding doors, with their designs of bamboo on a gold background. The scheme appears again in window curtains, dyed after Miss Hyde's design, which includes her monogram. This is also dyed in the garments of her servants, appears in gold on her *kuruma* and is used in decorative effects throughout the house.

The most attractive thing about the bedrooms, which are furnished as is the rest of the house, with straw mats, bamboo and wicker furniture, are the *fusuma*. Over each ebony framed panel of cream-colored Japanese paper riot the children of Miss Hyde's prints. She has put them there with all the dash and freedom of the old Kano school of painters, which excelled in brush work.

AN ARTIST'S HOME IN JAPAN

BUT the most interesting room in this charming house is the studio upstairs, where you will no doubt be served with honorable tea by the small maid. Here you will immediately feel the atmosphere of things achieved. Simplicity is there because there is no superfluous or useless thing. The press is, of course, what she uses for printing her etchings; the brushes, palette and paints are for oil and water colors; the pile of wooden boards are the carved blocks from which her woodcuts are printed. Indeed, you may be so fortunate as to arrive when Maratta San, her Japanese printer, is at work, seated on the floor in native fashion with cups of coloring matter, many brushes, and stacks of paper around him. Here he prints under Miss Hyde's supervision until an edition is completed.

Unlike most studios, the brown walls have no pictures; only the *kakemono* in the *tokonoma* behind the flower arrangement. Two sides of the room let in much of the outdoors through the shutters, which have small panes of glass instead of paper. A little balcony, plant laden, looks over a tiled roof into the group of trees containing the shrine. You will wonder which is more charming: the house itself, or its outlook on all four sides into trees and gardens.

One beauty of a Japanese house is its adaptability to temperature. When the three sets of shutters are closed, the winds may howl and seek in vain for entrance. The house is solidly shut with deaf ears and closed eyes to outside elements. But on balmy days, when our brick and mortar shells shut out the sunshine, this Japanese house may be opened to its very heart with only a tile roof on its head.

So Miss Hyde has judiciously blended the aesthetic beauties of Japanese architecture with the comforts and conveniences we have grown to regard as necessary. Amid such ideal surroundings she studies the people and sends them forth to many countries as prints and pictures to carry a message of the beauty of Japan.



TEACHING AMERICAN CHILDREN TO PLAY: SIGNIFICANCE OF THE REVIVAL OF FOLK DANCES, GAMES AND FESTIVALS BY THE PLAYGROUND ASSOCIATION

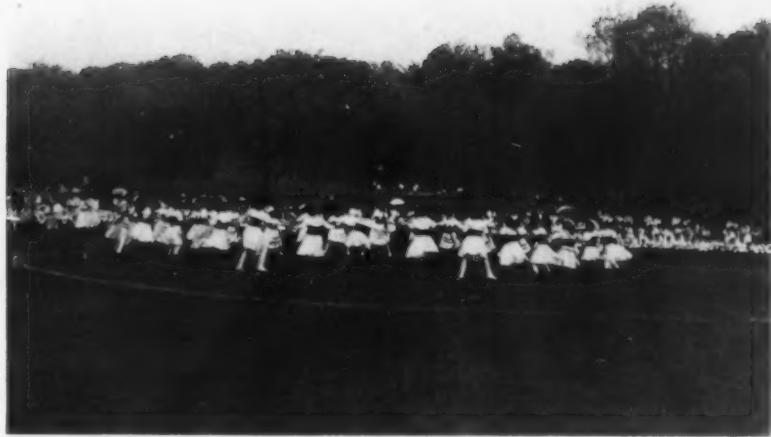
"A fundamental condition for the permanent development of a free people is that they shall in childhood learn to govern themselves,—self-government is to be learned as an experience, rather than taught as a theory. Hence in a permanent democracy adequate playgrounds for all the children are a necessity."

—Luther Halsey Gulick, M.D., President of the Playground Association of America.



THE value of the playground as a training school for the development of individual character and of those qualities which make for good citizenship is something which the American people are only just beginning to realize. The fact is that, as a nation, we do not know how to play. We have worked too hard, grown too fast, taken ourselves and our commercial success too seriously, to allow for the growth of that play spirit which has done so much toward shaping the character and making the history of other nations in all ages. We have excitement, plenty of it, and certain conventional forms of amusement, but the real spirit of play, such as lay behind the folk games, dances and festivals that were the natural expression of the pleasurable elements in life to the people of older countries and older times, has been almost entirely lacking. And yet we once had a good deal of it in the days when barn raisings, corn huskings, quilting bees, apple parings and other primitive diversions that made play out of work, formed the greater part of the simple social life of our forefathers, who brought to this new country a recollection of the games and festivals in their old homes, to be modified or added to as the exigencies of life seemed to demand,—until that life began to move at such a rapid pace that everything was left behind save the desire for advancement and for gain.

It is the sign of a return to more wholesome things that we are at last beginning to realize how much we are missing that is worth while, and most encouraging that this realization has become vivid enough to crystallize into a definite movement toward the restoration of more normal social conditions. At present this movement is embodied in the Playground Association of America,—an organization of which President Roosevelt is the honorary president and which includes in its roll of members some of the soundest thinkers



UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE PLAYGROUND
ASSOCIATION THE FOREIGN CHILDREN OF THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK DANCED THIS FALL,
AT VAN CORTLANDT PARK, THE COUNTRY DANCES
OF THEIR NATIVE LAND.



CHILDREN MARCHING OUT TO THE CENTER OF
LAWN FOR THE ITALIAN DANCE.

NEW YORK IMMIGRANTS IN NATIVE DANCES AT
VAN CORTLANDT PARK, THE WOMEN IN PEASANT
DRESS, SCHOOL CHILDREN GROUPED IN THE BACK-
GROUND.

TEACHING AMERICAN CHILDREN TO PLAY

and most energetic workers for the public good that we have today. The main purpose of this Association is summarized in the quotation which heads this article. It does not exist to provide additional forms of amusement for children and young people, but for the training of our future citizens by means of organized play, which at all times has been practically synonymous with mental and moral as well as physical development.

The Second Annual Congress of the Playground Association was held in New York early in September and, aside from the encouraging showing made of the rapid and effective spread of the movement as a whole, one of its most interesting features was the demonstration given of the good which has been accomplished within a very short time by one branch of its many activities. About a year ago the Association succeeded in making the national and folk dances of different countries a distinct feature of the physical training of children in the public schools of New York, particularly those which are situated in the congested districts of the East Side, where the majority of the children are either foreign-born or the American-born children of foreign parents. The teachers have found that one great difficulty in the way of the training of these children for future citizenship is the racial antagonism that so often manifests itself among them. This is fostered, rather than discouraged, at home and in the streets and is often beyond control even in the schoolrooms, but it soon vanishes when all share in the dances and games at the playground. Another element of discord is the inevitable result of the newly acquired American "smartness" which makes them ashamed of the old fashioned foreign speech and ways of their parents, and anxious to forget, as soon as possible, the customs of the old country. As the denial of loyalty to the traditions of their native land is hardly the best foundation upon which to build a sound and loyal citizenship in this country, it was considered advisable to try to keep alive in the hearts of the children a kindly memory of the land of their forefathers, as well as genuine interest and respect for the customs and speech of their parents and grandparents, by reviving the traditional games and dances that are a part of the national life of almost every people but our own.

THE work was done quietly and unobtrusively; sometimes the newspapers noticed that there was a movement on foot to teach dancing in the public schools, but outside of those directly interested in the progress of this movement, few people understood what it meant or the extent to which it had been carried out until there appeared at Van Cortlandt Park, on the afternoon of Sep-

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tember twelfth, one of the prettiest sights ever seen against a background of sloping greensward, quiet lake and shady trees. Four or five hundred children, representing nearly every nation in cosmopolitan New York, were dancing upon the grass,—as their grandfathers and grandmothers danced at home upon the village green,—the folk dances of Germany, Scotland, Ireland, Spain, Russia, Italy, Poland, Bohemia, Sweden and Hungary, and dancing them with a spirit, precision and verve that showed the most complete comprehension and whole-hearted enjoyment on the part of the dancers. So far as was possible, each one of the national dances was given by children of that nationality, and the little ones wore over their simple white dresses some distinguishing feature of the national costume. And how these children did dance! The leader of the orchestra was thoroughly in sympathy with them and helped them all he could, for he stood clear of his men and devoted his baton to the guidance of the little dancers, as group followed group in quick succession. The spectators too shared in the fun, nodding delighted heads and tapping responsive feet to the familiar rhythms, and rapturous comments in nearly every language of Europe mingled with the frequent applause. In fact, the spirit of the whole thing was genuine. It was not in any sense a spectacle, but the most complete social enjoyment in which everybody shared, old and young alike, and the question of nationality never came up save as an expression of whole-hearted admiration and goodwill.

The success of the affair was in the nature of a triumph, for it is with the hope of training the children now growing up among us into a truer social spirit that these dances, games, and festivals have been organized by the Playground Association. In the old square, line and ring dances the sense of a common enjoyment belongs to the whole group and each person contributes to the best of his or her ability toward the success of something in which all are equally interested. Dancing of this kind is rather a piece of well organized "team work" than an individual affair, and the grace and agility of each dancer is brought into play only as a part of the whole. The whole spirit of these dances is directly the opposite of that which prevails in the ball-room or dance hall of today, where two people who like to dance together may devote themselves entirely to their own individual enjoyment, moving with a monotonous step to the rhythm of the music and utterly regardless of their surroundings or of the enjoyment of other people. To realize the barrenness of it, we have only to compare such dancing with the folk dances of all nations, which are not only a complete socialization of the hour's enjoyment, as well as an expression of no mean skill, grace and agility, but

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also have a significance rooted in the history, customs, traditions, and even religion of the people,—for long after the original meaning of the old dances symbolizing worship, love, war, the chase, the sowing of the grain, the gathering of the harvest and all the important events that went to make up life, had vanished, the form persisted in the traditional dances and games, which also showed the survival of a racial inheritance of physical energy and skill.

THE significance of a revival of such dancing in this day and time and in this hard-headed commercial country is almost beyond belief, for the fact that we are beginning to feel that we have lost something in allowing the old social spirit that made possible these folk dances and games to lapse into disuse shows that we have developed to a point where we feel the need of it. We have cheap theaters, dance halls, professional games of all kinds and all manner of trivial or vicious means of excitement or amusement, and it is only when we contrast these with the magnificent contests of strength, skill and endurance which formed so large a part of the training for citizenship of the Greek youth; with the games and pageants which in ancient Rome were as necessary as bread to keep the people contented, and with the mediaeval tournaments, dances and athletic contests that included knights and ladies, burghers, yeomen and peasants in a common spirit of holiday-making, that we begin to realize how little we have that is worth while, aside from the strenuous and more or less sordid side of life and work. In a less commercial age, when the necessity of providing for public recreation was recognized as seriously as the necessity for maintaining law and order, the games and festivities reflected the general activities of life,—and also the work that was done had in it much of the same spirit of pleasure and vitality. If you doubt this recall the examples of art and craftsmanship that those centuries have left us, and then read the story of the old Guilds and realize the difference—the appalling difference—between the Guild games and festivals and the political or labor picnic of today.

The case is not overstated in an able presentation of the modern need for this kind of folk games and dances in a paper read at the first Congress of the Playground Association by Miss Mari Ruef Hofer, herself an active worker in this movement. She says that the revival is coming about in answer to a many sided need: "First, as an enlargement of our social views, a sympathetic bond between old and new; as an element of culture, in acknowledging the general historic background and the beauties of life preserved to us in their abiding forms; as new-old material bringing the inspiration of freshness and simplicity into the field of physical training; as organized play mate-

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rial with subjects of a pleasurable and suggestive kind, whose first intention and purpose are of a socializing and humanizing nature; last, a restoring to us of an almost lost inheritance of the fundamental values of life without which our entire social structure must crumble and fall."

THE same wisdom that recognizes the present and future significance of training the children who will one day help to make up our composite nation to meet together on a common ground of social enjoyment and to move rhythmically side by side in the spirited and picturesque figures of the folk dances, is also expressing itself along the broader lines of general athletic training. In the dancing, the girls receive the lion's share of attention; in fact, at Van Cortlandt Park all the dancers were girls, but on the athletic field and in the playgrounds the boys have their innings and learn their first lessons of manliness, fair play, coöperation and the sacrifice of individual inclinations to the general good of the group or the team. Some question has been raised as to the value of organized and directed play, for the reason that self-reliance and the power of initiative are more likely to be developed when the action is entirely independent than when it is directed by the controlling will of some experienced person. While that is doubtless the case where other influences tend toward the right kind of physical and mental development, it hardly obtains when applied to the children of the crowded districts in a modern city. The lessons taught by the street, and too often not counteracted at home, are hardly those of manliness, courage, decency, unselfishness and fair play, and even if some effort is made in the home to counteract the demoralizing influences of the street, it is apt to be more or less intermittent and is generally ineffective because disobedience and deception incur no heavier penalty than a possible thrashing,—which is soon over and which does not greatly alter the viewpoint of the average boy. Even less effective are the lessons of the schoolroom, for every unruly and wilful boy regards the teacher as his natural enemy and his whole tendency is to work in opposition to the rules of the school rather than bring himself into voluntary harmony with them.

But in the playground it is different. A boy can be a leader there only because he fairly wins the right through superior strength or agility. There is a husky instructor always present to see that the weaker ones are not bullied or cheated out of their rights and that everybody plays fair, as good sportsmen should. Moreover, if a boy enjoys the freedom of the playground and the excitement of learning to use the athletic apparatus and to play the various games, he does not want to be debarred from it, and there is always the awful possi-

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bility of expulsion from the playground if a boy makes himself too unpleasant or if the teacher becomes convinced that he is a demoralizing influence to the other boys. So he learns his first lesson in self-control,—for the most powerful of all motives, self-interest, is enlisted on the side of fair play and honest behavior in the games and of self-restraint as regards the cherished privilege of bullying those younger than themselves. As his skill develops, it is taxed to the utmost by the team work required in the more complicated games and so he learns to subordinate his own action to the combined action of the team and to work for the victory of the team rather than for any individual triumph. Thus he learns the lesson of coöperation and obedience to the law which is meant for the good of the whole group. In addition to these lessons in the fundamental principles of good citizenship, there is the moral effect of healthful play that develops a wholesome capacity for enjoyment, instead of the reverse, and at the same time gives the boy a certain feeling of self-reliance and self-respect in knowing that he is contributing to his own enjoyment and that of others instead of merely sitting still and watching something that is done for his amusement. Also the right kind of enjoyment is the best possible antidote for any craving for the wrong kind. As Miss Jane Addams says: "We cannot imagine a young athlete who is running to join his baseball team, willing to stop long enough in a saloon that he may test the full variety of drinks in order that he may detect the one that is 'doctored,' although that is a common sort of excitement now. We cannot imagine a boy who, by walking three blocks, can secure for himself the delicious sensation to be found in a swimming pool, preferring to play craps in a foul and stuffy alley."

The same principle that healthful and well-directed play is often the best kind of training applies equally well to the restlessness and discontent of the country boy. He has not the incentives to vice that are found in the city, but he is apt to have a certain mental inertia and indifference to his surroundings that is almost equally fatal to the right kind of development. Careful investigation has shown that the country child plays less than the city child and that the growing boys and girls have little taste or inclination for athletics of any description. The Playground Association is meeting this need also by establishing athletic fields and playgrounds in country villages and the effect of this training in developing the possibilities of country life in the future are almost beyond calculation. It is a good work—that of teaching Americans to play—and whether the play takes the form of dancing, games, athletic exercises, or social festivals, it means a sounder and sweeter national life when the generation that is now growing up shall form the great body of citizens of this land.

GREAT FALLS: THE PIONEER PARK CITY OF MONTANA: BY C. H. FORBES-LINDSAY



REAT FALLS has several points of distinction that might well excite the envy of the largest cities. The succession of cascades through which the Missouri River flows in passing its site affords the town an aggregate available water power greater than any other in the country. These falls, together with the Giant Springs, comprise one of the wonders of the West, but their beauty, like that of Niagara, is destined to gradual destruction as the application of the water to commercial purposes extends. In educational facilities this comparatively small town is rich, and it contains nineteen churches, being one to every thousand of its population, which is proportionally twice as many as Chicago has and two and a half times the number possessed by New York.

But the feature in which Great Falls takes the greatest pride and that which justifies its claim to being the most beautiful city of the Northwest, is its parking system. After passing through hundreds of miles of treeless country, the west-bound traveler comes with delighted surprise upon this orderly little town in its leafy setting. The railroad station and yards, which are usually the ugliest part of a Western settlement, here have been converted into a place of beauty. The train runs through an avenue of trees and deposits one at a vine-covered building that is in striking contrast to the usual grimy structure. The approach to the station on the town side is rendered attractive by well kept grass-plots and flower beds, through which are broad carriage ways.

This approach is but an introduction to the sylvan beauty of Great Falls. Extending along the river front is the principal park, its natural loveliness enhanced by well-tended lawns and artificial lakes. This wealth of woodland in the desert is strongly significant of the spirit of homemaking, and the tree-lined streets, with their pretty villas set on terraced grass plots, seem to extend a silent welcome to the stranger.

The story of the parking of Great Falls is interesting, not only on account of the lesson it conveys to other growing centers, but also because of the striking example it presents of what may be accomplished by one man of single purpose. And it may be said that nowhere can such a man exert his influence more potently than in a Western community.

The earlier settlers in the arid regions gave no thought to systematic tree planting, because they considered it quite impracticable. They found the river banks fringed with cottonwood and willow and here and there a small plantation on some bottom-land, which

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had been crudely irrigated by a "horseback farmer" in order to produce a forage crop. It is only in the present generation that the idea of raising trees on "dry" land has been seriously considered and put into practice. Great Falls was a pioneer in the movement. It had no precedent to encourage or guide it. But it has definitely solved the problem and has proved that a desert city may be made as beautiful and comfortable as any situated in the humid States. It has set an example which bids fair to result in widespread improvement of the arid areas.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when Paris Gibson and his family migrated from Minneapolis to Montana, the land upon which Great Falls now stands was a barren tract of sand, thinly covered with buffalo-grass and patches of sage brush. For miles in every direction the country was devoid of human habitation, except perhaps the rude shelter of a sheep herder or the solitary shanty of a squatter. When Gibson and his eldest boy plowed a furrow through the maiden soil to mark the line of what is now Center Street, Great Falls, it was with the firm belief that the latent power in the neighboring river would, in course of time, make a great city of their little settlement.

It was from the park system of Minneapolis that Gibson derived the inspiration which prompted him to attempt tree planting in his new home. He broached the project to his fellow settlers, but they treated his suggestion with derision. The thing had never been done; therefore it could not be. This attitude they maintained until it was absolutely proved to be erroneous, and several years elapsed before the effort of this one individual developed into a municipal movement.

Failing to find sympathy or support for the enterprise among his fellow townsmen, Gibson determined to undertake alone what he believed could and should be done for the benefit of the infant city. Regardless of the gibes of skeptics, Gibson planted a number of young trees upon the ground along the river, covering a tract which is now included in Margaret and Whittier Parks. He bore unaided the expense and care of looking after the young shoots, and many a cynical jest was aimed at the cumbrous tank wagons that laboriously supplied them with scarcely sufficient dole of water. They grew, these first plantings of cottonwood and box-elder, and Gibson ventured to add to them young elms and ash. No such trees had ever been seen in that part of the country and so the scoffers were encouraged to predict that they would never grow. But they did, and birch and maple and oak were added to the list, and flourished

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like the rest. Before this, however, the courageous founder of the Great Falls park system received the recognition that his enterprise and persistence deserved. The city council at length responded to his appeals and a gradually increasing number of the citizens lent their aid to the movement. The sums appropriated for the purpose were for many years pitifully small, and even now are none too liberal, but compared with the limited resources of one man, the municipal grants were magnificent and permitted a considerable extension of the work each year. If, during the past decade, the citizens of Great Falls have been commendably active in beautifying their town, it should never be forgotten that its position as the pioneer park city of Montana is due to Paris Gibson.

In nineteen hundred and one, Mr. Gibson, in conjunction with Mr. Ransom Cooper, framed and urged through the legislature the law creating State Boards, which had the effect of placing the parking of cities on a sure financial basis. A brief summary of this measure may be of interest and should serve as a suggestion to States which have no such legislation on their statute books. The board of park commissioners for a city of the first class consists of six persons, appointed by the governor of the State, with the mayor of the city as an ex-officio member. The term of office is two years, and the board is authorized to lay out and maintain parks, parkways, drives, and shaded walks in the city; to cultivate and maintain trees, bowers and plants in the grounds under its control, and to make regulations for the use and protection of such property. It is also authorized to frame ordinances for the welfare of such birds and animals as may be confined in the parks or permitted to make their natural homes there. The board has the right to provide penalties for violations of its regulations and to employ for their enforcement the same machinery as is used for the enforcement of city ordinances. The board is permitted to employ and control its own laborers and foresters. It may lease park lands if unimproved. It may raise by taxation, through the city council, the sum necessary to defray its expenses, such tax levy not to exceed, however, one-tenth of one per cent. of the taxable city property.

THE street improvement of Great Falls consists of bordering the sidewalks with strips of lawn eight feet wide, and planting a row of trees along the middle of each strip. When completely parked, the street has two belts of lawn and two rows of trees on each side, forming a pleasant vista up and down the sidewalk. The trees used are chiefly white elm, green ash and cottonwood. Norway maple has also been employed with success.



BLACK LOCUST, THREE YEARS OLD: CLIMATE AND
SOIL OF THE ARID REGION ARE WELL ADAPTED TO
THIS TREE.



ARTIFICIAL LAKES ADD TO THE BEAUTY OF
THE PARKS AND FACILITATE IRRIGATION.

PICTURESQUE EFFECTS ARE SECURED BY THE
USE OF UNTRIMMED WOOD AND BOULDERS.



A WELL-WOODED FARM ON WHICH HOUSE AND OUT-BUILDINGS ARE PROTECTED FROM WIND AND SUN.

WITH PROPER CARE THE TREES AND GRASS CAN BE KEPT AS FRESH AND FLOURISHING AS ANY IN OUR EASTERN STATES.



TREE-PLANTING WORKS THE GREATEST CHANGE
IN THE CHARACTER OF THE LANDSCAPE.

THE TREELESS TOWN HAS A BARE AND SUN-
BAKED APPEARANCE.

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When the majority of lot holders on a street, or portion of a street, petition to have it "parked", the district in question is set aside as an "improvement district" and the park board carries out the details of the work, keeping careful account of the expense entailed. The cost is ultimately distributed among the lot holders according to the proportionate frontage of their property. The cost of such street improvement at the present time is about ninety dollars for each fifty-foot lot. Property owners have four years in which to pay their assessment. The city assumes full charge of the work of irrigating and cutting the grass and tending the trees. For this service about eight cents a year per fifty-foot frontage is charged. Great Falls, whose population, be it remembered, does not exceed twenty thousand, has at present somewhat in excess of ten miles of "parked streets" and the city council has decided, on the application of a majority of the property owners, to cause two miles more to be constructed during this autumn.

For several years past Great Falls has maintained a large nursery in which have been raised many thousands of trees. These have been used to extend the parks and more particularly for street planting. At the same time the generosity of the city has led it to liberally supply such of its neighbors as have been moved to follow in its footsteps. Considering that the income of the board does not exceed seven thousand dollars, the annual improvement is remarkably great. The citizens, who are now almost unanimously in accord with the parking movement, cherish plans for great extensions of the system—plans which must, however, wait upon the increase of population and wealth. A considerable amount is necessary for the maintenance of the existing hundred and fifty acres of parks included in the city limits, and at present funds cannot be spared for the improvement of the two hundred and fifty acres of additional land which was purchased some years ago with a view to being converted to similar purposes.

Lest it may be imagined that Great Falls has accomplished its wonderful transformation under exceptionally favorable conditions, it may be said that the reverse is in reality the case. Surrounded by flat, open country, it is entirely exposed to the wind, which in Montana, at certain seasons, blows with extreme violence. The climate in winter is severe, the thermometer sometimes falling as low as forty degrees below zero. The soil is of course arid, and while unusually fertile will not support trees without constant care. Then again the "chinook" is unfavorable to arboreal growth. It renders plants tender and ill-prepared to withstand the sudden cold waves which follow that warm western wind.

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AS IN many other Western towns, the first planting in Great Falls was done on the supposition that nothing could be made to grow but Balm of Gilead, cottonwood, box-elder, and white poplar; but by the time that systematic planting of residence streets was begun, eight years ago, it had been learned that a great many other varieties of desirable trees could, with intelligent care, be made to flourish. Along the river front in Gibson Park, green ash, white elm, cut-leaf birch, Norway maple, golden willow, blue spruce, chestnut oak, red oak, and pin oak are growing and all doing well. In private yards several other species have been planted with complete success. White elm is found to be by far the best tree for street planting. The objection is sometimes raised against it that the wind whips and tears the branches, but the trees in Great Falls, which are exposed to very hard winds, are in good condition after ten years' growth.

One of the most charming results of the extension of woodland in the city is the ever increasing number of birds which make their homes there. Each year shows additions in variety as well as in the aggregate. Montana is the habitat of a great many species of birds distinguished for the beauty of their plumage and for their song. Of these about eighty different kinds were noted among the trees of Great Falls during the past spring and summer.

Of course, the beautifying of a city is not a matter to be measured by dollars and cents. Its effect upon the character and health of the citizens is a consideration altogether beyond computation. Nevertheless, Great Falls' parking system has a commercial equation, as one may readily realize if he stops to reflect upon the matter. The writer encountered a resident who, in passing through Great Falls several years ago, en route to a point farther west, was so strongly attracted by the beauty of the place and its homelike atmosphere that he changed his plans and settled there. It is reasonable to suppose that many another transient visitor has done the same thing and that, altogether aside from other considerations, the never-failing attraction of the town must always work toward an increase of its population.

THE example set by Great Falls should act as a stimulus to every other town in the arid region, where trees serve more than anything to mollify the asperities of the landscape and to temper the severity of the climate. A young community should make liberal provision for parking. It can in this way prepare for the pleasure and comfort of succeeding generations at much less expense of money and labor than would be necessary to obtain the

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same results at a later period of its growth. Hardly one of our older urban centers but finds itself today suffering for lack of such far-seeing provision, and, by reason of the scarcity of unoccupied land within its limits and the enhancement in values, it often experiences great difficulty in securing the needed space for parks and boulevards.

No better opportunity exists for founding garden cities than those enjoyed by the new settlements of the United States Reclamation Service. The town-site plans of all the projects include a reservation for public use, large proportionally to the original plat. This reservation should be planted coincident with the very earliest settlement and, as the town expands, neighboring farm lands should be secured and included in a park system. Indeed, growth should be anticipated well in advance of the actual needs of the community, in order to avoid inordinate expense and to insure the desired possession. The creation of woodland should be extended throughout these projects, so that the roads leading from one settlement to another may be lined by shade trees and the intervening landscape relieved by plantation. Co-operation and the use of the governmental agencies available will make this a matter comparatively easy of accomplishment. An organized effort should be made to induce every settler to devote some portion, not less than ten per cent. of his holding, to a woodlot, and where his land abuts upon a highway, to line the boundary with trees.

The Reclamation Service, which is taking measures in many directions to insure the future welfare of settlers on its reclaimed lands, should establish a nursery on every one of its projects. In this beneficent enterprise it could certainly count upon the co-operation of the Forest Service, which is equally energetic in promoting the interests of the people. An unlimited number of seedlings can always be secured from the bottom-lands of any river in the arid region. If a suitable tract of land should be set aside with these at the very inception of work upon a project, the young trees would have attained a hardy growth and be ready for replanting by the time that the land would be open to settlers. The cost of such an undertaking as this would be slight in the individual case and far from considerable in the aggregate. It would confer upon the early inhabitants of the rural settlements a great benefit and doubtless would inspire them to continue the work along the lines thus suggested to them.

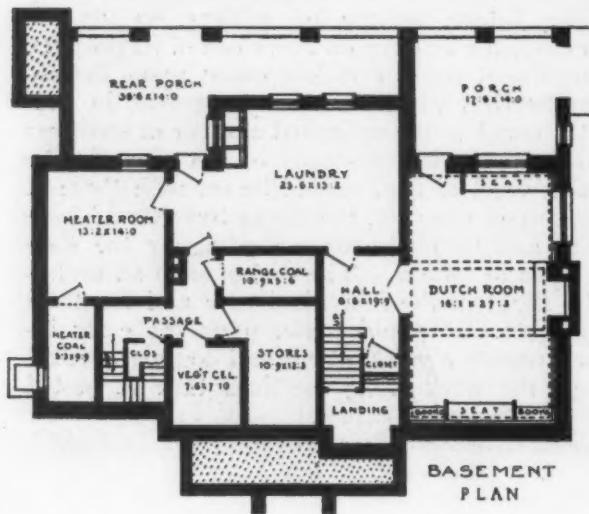


A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS, BUILT TO THE SLOPE OF THE LAND: THE HOME OF MR. ARCHER H. BARBER

A house of Craftsman design, built and furnished in a way that carries out Craftsman principles, has come to be one of the most interesting dwellings in North Adams, Massachusetts, which is itself one of the most beautiful residence towns in the Berkshire Hills. The house was built for Mr. Archer H. Barber about a year ago, so that by this time it has lost its aspect of newness, and is settling down into its place as a home. As the owner himself said in a recent letter

to THE CRAFTSMAN, "The house is very livable and is meant to live in all over all the time." Also, one of the fundamental principles that rule the designing of the Craftsman houses is evidenced at every turn here; that is the modification of every arrangement to the individual taste of the owner and the requirements of himself and his family. So, in the very fact that it shows some departure from the strict Craftsman scheme of arrangement, it is therefore all the more in accordance with the real Craftsman idea of home building.

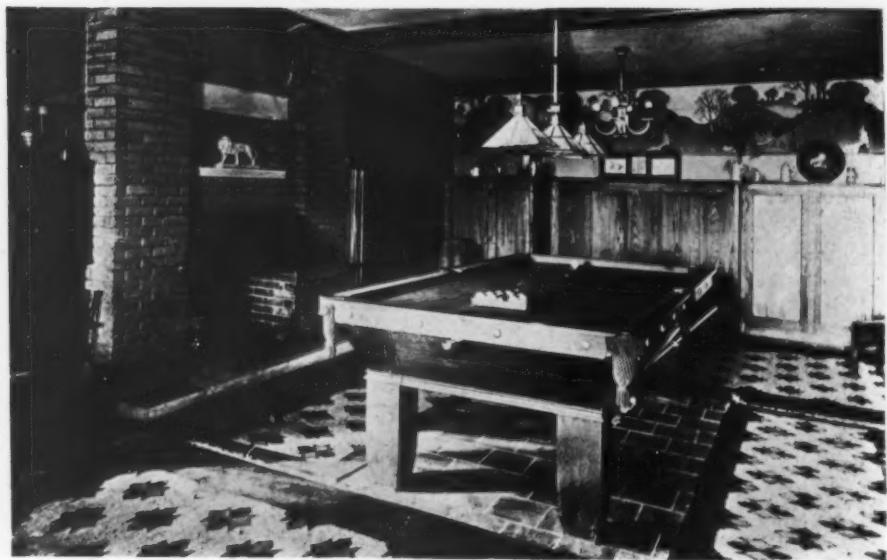
The house is built on a hillside and is so planned that it accommodates itself to every irregularity in the site. The rear of the lot is ten feet below the street level, so that the house has the effect of an additional story in the back. Owing to the way in which the irregularity of the ground has been utilized for the convenient arrangement of the interior, but little excavation was necessary. The basement floor is on the level with the grade line at the rear, so that not only is there plenty of





FRONT ELEVATION OF MR. BARBER'S HOUSE IN
NORTH ADAMS, MASS., BUILT FROM CRAFTSMAN
PLANS.

DETAIL OF STONE ENTRANCE PORCH.



REAR ELEVATION OF MR. BARBER'S HOUSE WITH A
TWENTY MILE VIEW OVER THE BERKSHIRE HILLS.

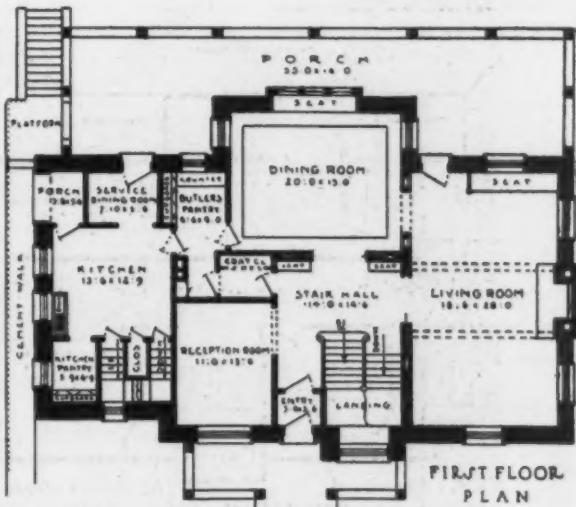
THE BILLIARD ROOM DONE IN DUTCH STYLE, LO-
CATED IN THE BASEMENT UNDER THE PORCH.

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

well lighted, well ventilated space for all the kitchen and laundry arrangements, but room for one of the most delightful features in the house,—a Dutch room that has proven the center of attraction for many social gatherings. This Dutch room opens into a porch from which one steps directly upon the hillside.

Local materials, so far as was possible, were used in the building. The lower walls, porch parapets, the columns of the arcade and the chimneys are built of solid limestone laid in broken joint ashlar. The quarry from which this limestone was taken is within walking distance from the house, and the stone itself is precisely the same formation as is seen in the outcropping rocks of the hills all around. Not only does the use of this stone do much to bring the building into harmony with its natural environment, but the use of it greatly lessened the cost of construction, as it was the cheapest material obtainable. The upper part of the house is of half timber construction with panels of rough plaster corresponding in tone to the stone of the lower walls. All the beams used in this construction are of cypress, and the same wood is used for the porch pillars, window frames and all exterior wood-work. The roof is made of cypress shingles.

At the rear of the house the basement rooms open upon an arcade-like porch, which extends all along the south side. Above this is a broad veranda, and both command a wonderful view of the Berkshire Hills, as there is nothing for twenty miles or so to interrupt the vision. At the front of the house is a large entrance porch raised to the height of only two steps above the ground. This porch is so designed that the first impression the visitor

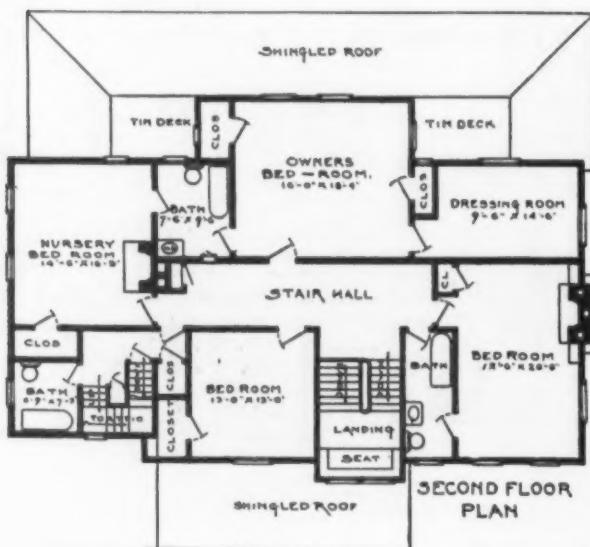


receives is one of hospitable welcome, an impression that is amply fulfilled when he has passed the wide entrance door.

The front door opens from a small vestibule into a large stair hall, from which the staircase runs up to a landing that is directly at the front of the house and is lighted by large windows looking out upon the streets. This stair hall opens into a reception room on the left, into the big living room on the right and into the dining room at the rear,—a convenient and homelike arrangement of the rooms. The kitchen, pantries and servants' dining room are compactly arranged, and may be completely shut off from the rest of the house.

The interior woodwork is unusually fine, and the different woods are so combined as to give the interest of a strong contrast that yet does not violate the rules of harmony. The living room and dining room are done in solid mahogany. Oak is used for the whole third floor, the kitchen, pantries, back hallway and servants' hall on the first floor, and for the Dutch room and all the other basement rooms. The reception room and main staircase as well as the sleeping rooms on the second floor are all done in whitewood enameled to an ivory

A CRAFTSMAN HOUSE IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS

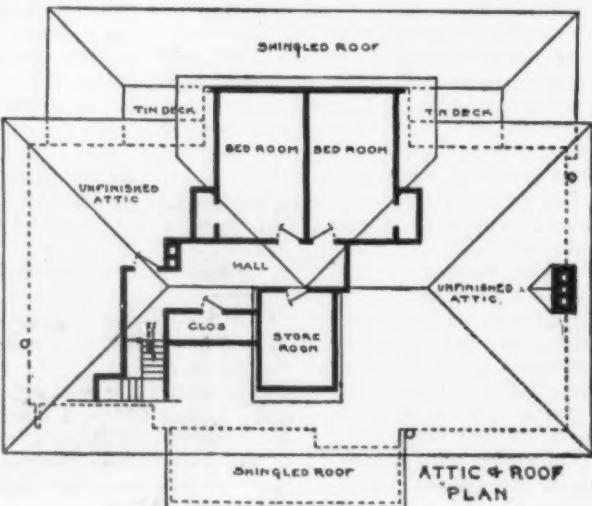


white. All the doors are of mahogany, with the exception of the servants' part of the house, where they are of oak to correspond with the woodwork, and in the Dutch room, where they are of chestnut.

The color scheme carried out in the wall hangings and furniture shows the same quality of harmony in contrast that is found in the woodwork. Japanese grass cloth is used to cover the walls of the hall, reception room and living room, and the prevailing colors are dull blue and straw yellow,—blue predominating in the rugs, hangings and furniture of the living room, and yellow in those of the hall and reception room. In the dining room the wall covering is green Japanese burlap, and the rugs and hangings correspond. The bedrooms are

all papered in delicate tones, and the servants' portion of the house is painted with enameled paint, which can always be kept bright and clean.

Perhaps the most distinctive room in the house is the Dutch room in the basement. While intended primarily for a billiard room and fitted with a billiard table, this room has proven a delightful place for all sorts of informal social gatherings. The beamed ceiling is low enough to look comfortable and inviting. The walls are covered to nearly two-thirds their height with a paneled wainscoting of oak finished in a deep brown tone that is almost black but that does not conceal the grain. This wainscoting is surmounted by a plate rail which holds all sorts of odds and ends that belong to such a room, and above this is a broad landscape frieze.



THREE OF THE CRAFTSMAN FARMS BUNGALOWS THAT MAY PROVE USEFUL FOR SUMMER OR WEEK-END COTTAGES



THE three little bungalows shown here are typical Craftsman structures. In fact, the illustrations are made from the plans and perspectives made for three of the many cottages which are to be built next spring at Craftsman Farms for the accommodation of students, craft workers, or guests who merely wish to come to the village for the whole or a part of the summer. Therefore, although the cottages in question are so arranged that it will be easy to heat them to the point of comfort in the severest winter weather, they are built primarily for summer homes.

These cottages, or bungalows, will all be built on the wooded hillsides of Craftsman Farms and are meant to stand singly or in little groups of three and four in small clearings made in the natural woodland. Therefore, they are de-

signed especially for such surroundings and are most desirable for those who wish to build inexpensive summer or week-end bungalows for holiday and vacation use. Of course, any one of the plans would serve perfectly well for a tiny cottage for two or three people to live in, but the design and general character of the buildings is hardly adapted to the ordinary town lot and would not be so effective in conventional surroundings as in the open country.

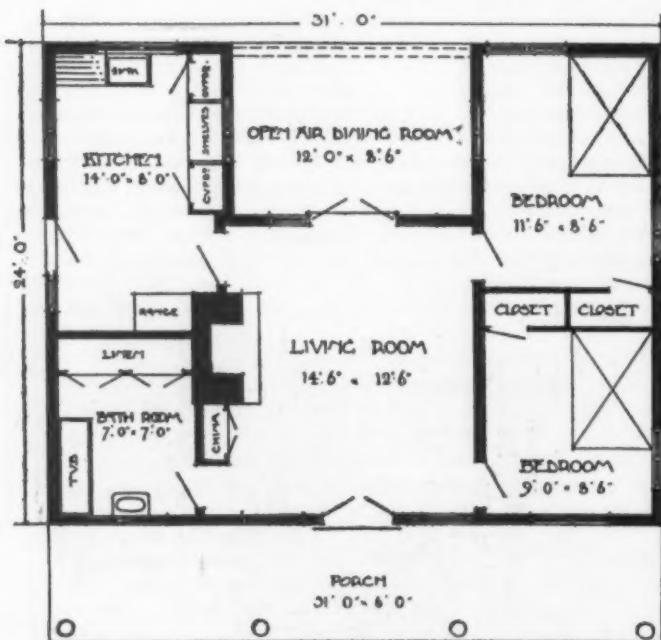


THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS

The cottages built at Craftsman Farms are meant first of all to live in and next to serve as examples of a variety of practical plans for small moderate-priced dwellings designed on the general order of the bungalow. They will be built of stone, brick, or any one of a number of our native woods suitable for such construction and will be as comfortable, beautiful and interesting as we can make them. Wherever it is possible, local material will be used in the building, giving a still closer relation to the surroundings than that established by the design, color, and general character of the dwellings. Split field stone, taken from the estate, will be used for the walls of such cottages as are built entirely of stone and for the foundations and chimney pieces of the others, and the necessary thinning out of trees from the surrounding woodland will furnish the logs for the thick

hewn pillars that support the porch roofs. The unusual size of these rustic pillars, and the fact that they are merely peeled logs hewn here and there to take off the more exaggerated irregularities, does more than any other feature of the construction to establish the quaint and "homely" individuality of these little shelters in the woods. The porches on all three of the cottages, and the open-air dining room in No. 1, are floored with red cement.

Although, for the reason we have stated, there will be a number of different woods used in the construction of the cottages at Craftsman Farms, two of the group shown here will be built of cypress, not stained or treated in any way, but left to weather as it will. In the first bungalow illustrated the walls are sheathed with boards eight or ten inches wide and seven-eighths of an inch thick. These are to be laid like clapboards, but, owing to the thickness of the boards, it will be necessary to put a little triangular strip between each board and the joist to which it is nailed, as the wood would be liable to warp or split if the clapboards were nailed to the joist without any support between. One thing should be remembered, in the use of wood that is not oiled or stained, but merely left to weather,—the nail heads that are exposed should be slightly countersunk and puttied, or the rust from the nail will streak the wood. The putty for this purpose should be one-third white lead; where a stain or other protection for



FLOOR PLAN FOR CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NUMBER ONE

THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS



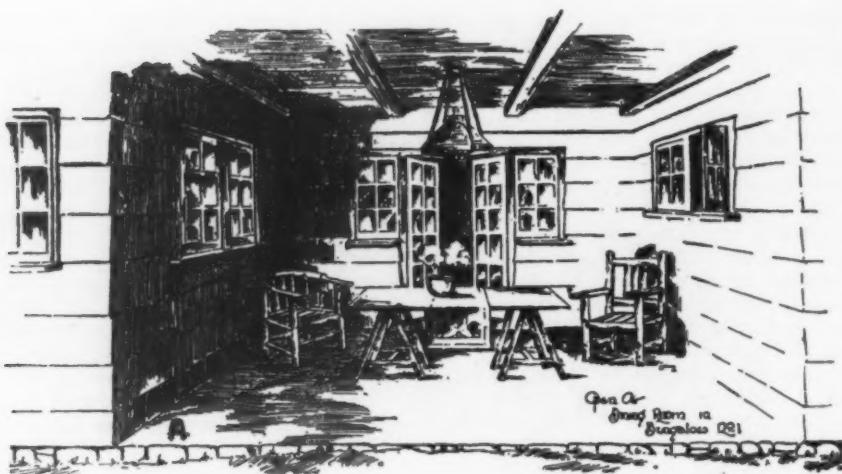
the surface of the wood is used, this precaution is not necessary.

An interesting structural decoration of this first bungalow is the truss of hewn timber in each gable. This truss projects a foot and a half from the face of the wall and not only gives added support to the roof, but forms a decorative feature that relieves the extreme simplicity of the construction.

The casement windows are all hung so that they will swing outward and are mostly small and set rather high in the wall. At the ends of the building these casements are protected by simple shutters, each one made of two wide boards with either circular or heart shaped piercing. The primitive look of these solid shutters is in entire accordance with the general character of the cottage, and they have a definite usefulness, both in the shelter that they provide in severe weather and also in the security afforded when the house is locked up and left alone for the winter.

The walls of the second bungalow are covered with cypress shingles, split or rived instead of sawn. These rived shingles cost twice as much as the others, but are well worth the extra outlay because they are so much more beautiful in effect. The sawn shingle is apt to get a dingy, weather-beaten look under the action of sun and wind, unless some treatment such as oil or stain is given to it in the beginning. But the rived shingle has exactly the surface of the growing tree from which the bark has been peeled, or, to be more exact, of the split surface of a trunk from which a bough has been torn, leaving the wood exposed. This smooth natural surface takes on a beautiful color quality under the action of the weather, as the color of the wood itself deepens and shows as an undertone below the smooth, silvery sheen of the surface, an effect which is entirely lost when this natural glint is covered with the "fuzz" left by the saw. The shingles to be used for this particular bungalow are

THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS



seven inches wide by twenty-four inches long and will be laid seven and one-half inches to the weather. These shingles generally sell at the lumber yards for about twenty-four dollars a dozen, or just double the price asked for sawn shingles of the same wood and size.

This second bungalow is even simpler in design than the one first shown. The entrance is at the end, where a little recessed porch, floored like the others with red cement, extends the whole width of the house. The weight of the gable is supported by four of the heavy rustic pillars already described. The foundation and chimneys of these two cottages are of field stone and the floors are kept as near to the level of the ground as possible. An excavation of two feet clear is left under each building, but the exterior effect that is sought is that of the closest possible relation between the house and ground, therefore from the porch one steps directly off into green grass. In the case of the Craftsman Farms cottages, the irregularity of the ground makes it possible to place each one so that the ground will more or less slope away from the front porch, which is raised above it to the height of not more than one low step. From the

porch there will be one or two steps up to the floor level of the house,—according to the contour of the ground. For example, in the case of a decided rise toward the back of the house, there would be two, or perhaps even three, steps from the floor down to the porch, while if the house were set on more level ground, there would be but one. In each case these details are made to conform to the site chosen, as its character largely determines that of the house placed upon it.

The third cottage has walls of field stone and the regular bungalow roof, low pitched, square in line and widely overhanging; in the front of the house it extends without a break over the porch and is supported by the rustic pillars that belong so definitely to the form and construction of all these cottages.

All the roofs save one are shingled, the surroundings determining the color. The present group of Craftsman Farms cottages will probably have roofs of dull red, repeating the note of color seen in the tiled roof of the large residence near by. Other cottages, built perhaps after these same designs on other parts of the estate, would have roofs of moss green, silver gray, or deep wood brown, according to the char-

THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS

acter of the location, which has much to do with deciding the color as well as the shape of the roof. One thing it is well to remember that while a roof may be stained to a green, brown or gray tone, paint should be used if it is to be made red, as the effect is much more satisfactory than when a red stain is tried.

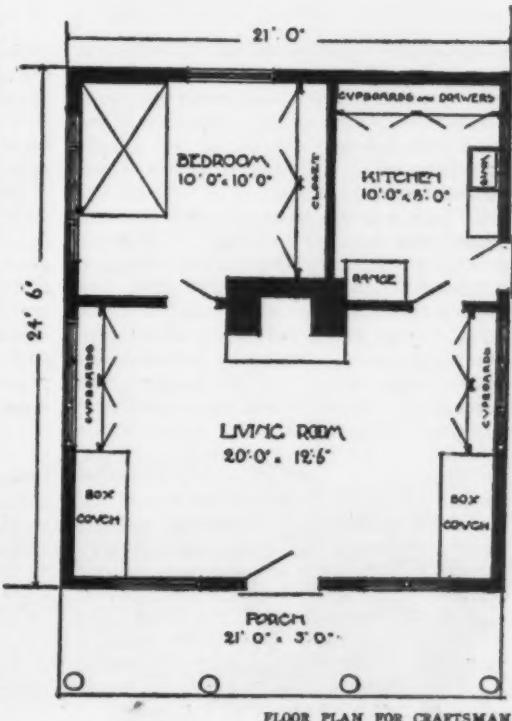
The interior of all these bungalows will be finished and arranged with one central idea in view,—harmony with the general character of the house. Beyond that it can be done in any way to suit individual taste or fancy. In all probability Southern pine will be the wood selected for finishing the interior of all three of these particular cottages, because we have discovered a method of treating pine by which the application of a certain chemical process brings out a beautiful color in the wood,—a very soft light brown, showing a warm gray tone in the softer parts of the grain and a clear light golden brown in the hard parts. The color effect is very warm and friendly, and at the same time is so unobtrusive that it forms a harmonious background for any scheme of furnishing that would lend itself to a close relationship with natural wood.

We desire especially to show the charming quality of pine treated in the way we have described, because it is such an inexpensive wood for this purpose, but for other cottages we shall probably use cypress, chestnut, birch, beech, ash or redwood, any one of which would be quite as effective in its own way for interior walls and woodwork, and not at all prohibitive as to cost. The characteristics of color, texture and grain belonging to these different woods are well worth close study by any one who contemplates the extensive use of natural wood in the interior of his house, especially if that house should be of a character which seems to demand the effect of "woodiness" as in the case

of a bungalow or a log house in the woods.

In some of the cottages to be built at Craftsman Farms the whole interior will be lined with wood, ceilings and all; in others there will probably be a broad frieze of rough plaster, tinted to some harmonious tone, between the woodwork of the walls and the ceilings. The joists in all cases will be left exposed; these will not be cased but planed and will form ceiling beams that are really a part of the construction of the house. In some cases the spaces between these beams will be covered with narrow boards like the woodwork of the room, and in others they may be plastered.

The fireplaces will all be built of selected split field stone, and will have large metal hoods like that shown in the detail of the



THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS



living room in Bungalow No. 1. There is a reason for the use of these hoods, beyond the customary arguments that they are decorative and that they make the fire draw well, for each one conceals the simple apparatus which will heat the whole house. In the drawing mentioned it will be noticed that a broad band of metal goes all around the fireplace opening. This band, or rather frame, is four inches wide and is made to fit into the opening exactly. The hood is riveted to the frame and the whole thing may be taken out at any time when it is necessary to clean or repair the hot-water heater behind. This heater is an arrangement of hot-water pipes placed in

such a way that they will get the full benefit of the heat that rises from the fireplace. Pipes from this heater will run down back of the metal frame and below the floor to radiators placed in other rooms, thus insuring a general diffusion of heat every time the fire is lighted. The copper hood, in addition to concealing the heater behind it, will add greatly to the heat-giving capacity of the fireplace by reason of its radiating powers, which, of course, will be a good deal like a stove. By this device we get not only the cheer and comfort of an open fireplace, but the additional heat found necessary in our severe winter weather. As shown here the fireplace opening will be two feet and six inches wide, two feet deep, three feet high to the bottom of the metal hood and six feet high to the top.

The interior arrangement of all the bungalows is so convenient as to give the utmost space within the small compass of the outer walls. In No. 1 the living room



THREE CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOWS

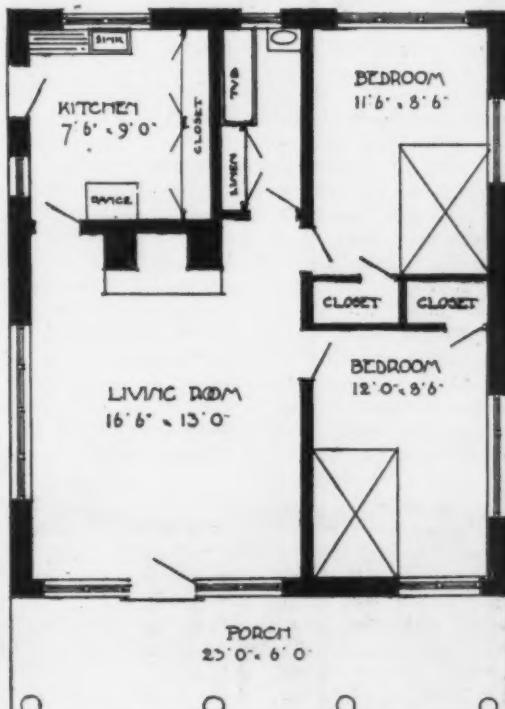
opens into the open-air dining room or porch at the back, which can be left open in summer and glassed in for use in the cold weather. There is plenty of cupboard and closet room in all the cottages, and in the case of Bungalow No. 2, built-in box couches in the living room add materially to the sleeping accommodations.

These cottages, like all designs of the buildings intended for our own use, are freely at the disposal of subscribers of **THE CRAFTSMAN**, according to the rules of the Home Builders' Club. To those who may not have noticed the announcement in the October issue, we will repeat that we have revived our old custom of sending to any subscriber of **THE CRAFTSMAN** the blue-prints of a complete set of working drawings of any one of the Craftsman houses illustrated and described in the magazine. This, of course, does not include houses designed on commission, as these are the exclusive property of the owner. Sometimes the owner of one of these houses is kind enough to allow us to publish photographs, plans and description for the reason that it may prove suggestive to some one else. The dwelling we designed for Mr. Archer H. Barber is one of the Craftsman

houses of which we may not send out duplicate plans, although the general idea of it is at the disposal of every one. But the houses to be built at Craftsman Farms are, as we stated in the beginning of this article, somewhat in the nature of experiments and object lessons and they would be filling only a part of the use for which they were intended if the plans were not given out freely to any one who may be interested in developing this style of domestic architecture. In addition to the plans for the houses which are to be built at Craftsman Farms, we will publish throughout the year a number of designs that are purely for the benefit of our subscribers and that will include not

only moderate priced dwellings but public buildings such as churches, assembly halls and the like, of a type suited to village life.

We are giving in the department "From The Craftsman Workshops" this month, plans for a box couch and a cupboard from Bungalow No. 2, and a china closet, kitchen shelves and cupboard from Bungalow No. 1. In connection with these it is well to refer to our articles for kitchen fittings and furniture, published in **THE CRAFTSMAN** for September, 1905.



FLOOR PLAN FOR CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NUMBER THREE.

A SUMMER CAMP IN SAN GABRIEL CANYON, WHERE FOR EIGHT MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR THERE IS NO RAIN: BY HELEN LUKENS GAUT

THE summer camp shown in the accompanying illustrations is an admirable example of what can be accomplished with an expenditure of \$2250.00. It should be stated that this house could probably be duplicated in a town for \$1500.00, but owing to its location—eight and one-half miles from a town, to be reached only by means of a rocky road up the bed of a canyon, with a mischievous mountain stream to be forded sixteen times, the cost of transporting lumber and other building materials was in this case increased tremendously.

The house is of extremely simple construction and is thoroughly inviting and comfortable. The roof is shingled and the framework of the building is of two-by-four planed pine studding, covered outside with six-inch tongue and groove pine flooring, which in turn is covered with rough redwood shakes, giving a decidedly rustic effect. All the lower floors, including porches, are of cement marked off in eighteen-inch squares. The windows slide up and down, each having two sashes, the lower plain and open, the upper small-paned. The front door is in two divisions, upper and lower, with frames of heavy pine and panels of two-inch tongue and groove boards run diagonally.

In the living room, dining room, hall, pantry and kitchen, the ceilings are the same, two-by-eight beams, placed eighteen inches apart, supporting the upper floors of six-inch tongue and groove. Except in the kitchen, the walls are all alike, the two-by-four studdings showing against the six-inch tongue and groove boards, which, with the shakes, form the outer wall of the building. All the woodwork has been oiled and left in the natural pine color. The large cobblestone fireplace in the south end of the living room gives a cheery note, especially when it is filled with burning logs. On either side of the fireplace are windows and below them are window seats with box lids.

Wide French doors open from the living room into the outdoor dining room, and a lovelier place than this it would be hard to find the world over. Clustering close about the house are oaks and sycamores, alders and cottonwoods, and at all hours of the day or night there is the fresh, fragrant wind from the mountains. From the bed of the canyon just below rises the sound of the river as it hurries along its rock-strewn path, and above the tangled crowns of trees that arch the river the diner catches glimpses of green hills. The table in the dining room is home-made, sixteen feet long and five feet wide, and is covered with snowy oilcloth tacked neatly and securely under the edges of the table. The roof of this room is of twelve-inch boards laid on heavy studding and covered with shingles. It is what would be termed a "shed" roof. Below this are four-by-eight pine beams set three feet apart. The roof supports are eight-by-eight timbers. The rear of the room is separated from the cement court by a screen of Venetian lattice with swinging door. The west and south sides, excepting entrance openings, are low-walled with Venetian lattice, topped by an eight-by-three timber that forms a broad shelf. The timbers have been given a coat of oil and allowed to retain their own golden tan color. The indoor dining room is, in finish, a duplicate of the living room, with which it is connected by two swinging doors. It has three large windows, each one looking out upon a wonderful woodland scene. In such a place one needs no decorations on the walls, for within each window frame is an ever-varying picture of Nature's own handiwork.

The pantry is roomy and has abundance of convenient cupboards, shelves, flour bins, drawers, etc., and the kitchen is a pleasant spot, cozy and "homey." Its walls have a four-foot wainscot, then a four-foot span of Venetian lattice, screened with wire on the outside. Above this is



Summer Camp of Henry O'Melveny: Designed by Hunt & Eager

A WIDE CEMENT PORCH, WITH COBBLESTONE WALL,
EXTENDS THE FULL LENGTH OF THE HOUSE.



FULL VIEW OF MR. O'MELVENY'S HOUSE, SHOWING USE OF COBBLESTONES IN FOUNDATION WALLS AND GARDEN STEPS.

A CORNER OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING OUTSIDE OF CHIMNEY AND STYLE OF EAVES.



OUTDOOR DINING ROOM, WITH A SUGGESTION OF
JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE IN CONSTRUCTION.

VIEW OF LIVING ROOM, WITH A GLIMPSE OF DIN-
ING ROOM AND HALL.



LOOKING ALONG THE PORCH TO THE HILL:
THE FINISH OF THE COBBLESTONE WALL
AN INTERESTING DETAIL.

A CALIFORNIA SUMMER CAMP

twelve inches of plain woodwork, to which the heavy ceiling beams are nailed. Everything is spick and span,—pans, kettles and covers shining as in the days of our grandmothers, and all spread out on racks. Old Ben Lee, for forty years a sailor—now retired—has brought his heart and his interests to these hills, where he is caretaker of this mountain camp, polishing pans, baking beans, broiling steak over a campfire, planting and tending the hillside flower gardens, all the while singing merry old sailor songs. His greatest pride is in this kitchen, however, and in keeping it and his belongings immaculate. In one corner of the room is the range and stacked up evenly along the adjoining wall is a cord or so of clean oak fire-wood. In another corner is a sink, and along one side runs a wide shelf for mixing, etc., as well as for supporting the gas plate. A gas generator has been installed on the premises and the entire house is piped for gas,—a great convenience in that it does away with the necessity for lamps and candles. There is no cellar, a dugout in the hillside back of the house taking its place. In this is a huge refrigerator where things can be kept cool all the year round. A bath house fitted up with shower bath and tubs is located about fifty feet from the main building.

The bedrooms are charming, having abundance of light and air and windows looking out into tree tops, where on spring mornings there is pleasant melody for the "early to rise." The cobblestone chimney runs through one end of the front bedroom and on either side of it are windows and window seats. The three chambers have the appearance of dormitories on ac-

count of the number of beds—five in one room, four in another and three in another. All these beds, however, as well as numerous cots, which in emergency are scattered about the lower rooms and porches, are needed when the hospitable owner and his wife entertain a jolly house party. The beds are all daintily covered with valanced spreads of flowered cretonne, and large drygoods boxes, the tops of which are covered with white oilcloth and the sides with ruffled cretonne, make attractive washstands. The bedroom ceilings are finished with two-inch tongue and groove boards.

A wide cement porch with a three-foot cobblestone wall extends the full length of the house, while a wide cement platform runs along the south end. Fastened to the gnarled far-reaching branch of an old oak just above the porch wall is an iron bell, which is manipulated with a rope and used to call wandering house guests to dinner, or for various signalings, greetings, farewell chimeings, etc.

About the grounds are many charming little bits, the old wicket gate at the top of the hill where the wagon roads ends at "home," the quaint rough stone steps leading towards the river, the little cement reservoir with its fringe of fern brakes, and the beds of jonquils golden with bloom among grass and moss on the hillside. As an experiment, just to see what mountain soil would do, Old Ben planted a thousand bulbs this last year, scattering them in nooks both sunny and shady. In the rich fertility of the humus soil they lost no time in growing, and from every corner they now look out, laughing with bloom.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH SLATE ROOFS: EFFECTS THAT ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS OLD TILES OR MOSS-GROWN SHINGLES

THE mention of a slate roof usually brings to the mind the vision of a smooth, slate colored surface marked off into distressingly regular squares or lozenges and as uninteresting as a smooth whitewashed wall. Also one is more or less accustomed to think of them in relation to railway stations, factories and other buildings where durability and security against fire are much more vital considerations than beauty or interest.

But of late it has been brought to our attention that a slate roof need not be ugly just because it is slate; that in fact a slate roof may be quite as beautiful and interesting as one of tile, say, or thick rough shingles well covered with moss. Owing to the undeniable durability of slate and also to the fact that most people have a prejudice in favor of a roof that lasts as long as possible, it has been a good deal of a relief to find out that the builder of a dwelling may indulge his desire for beauty without sacrificing his common sense or ignoring the necessity for economy.

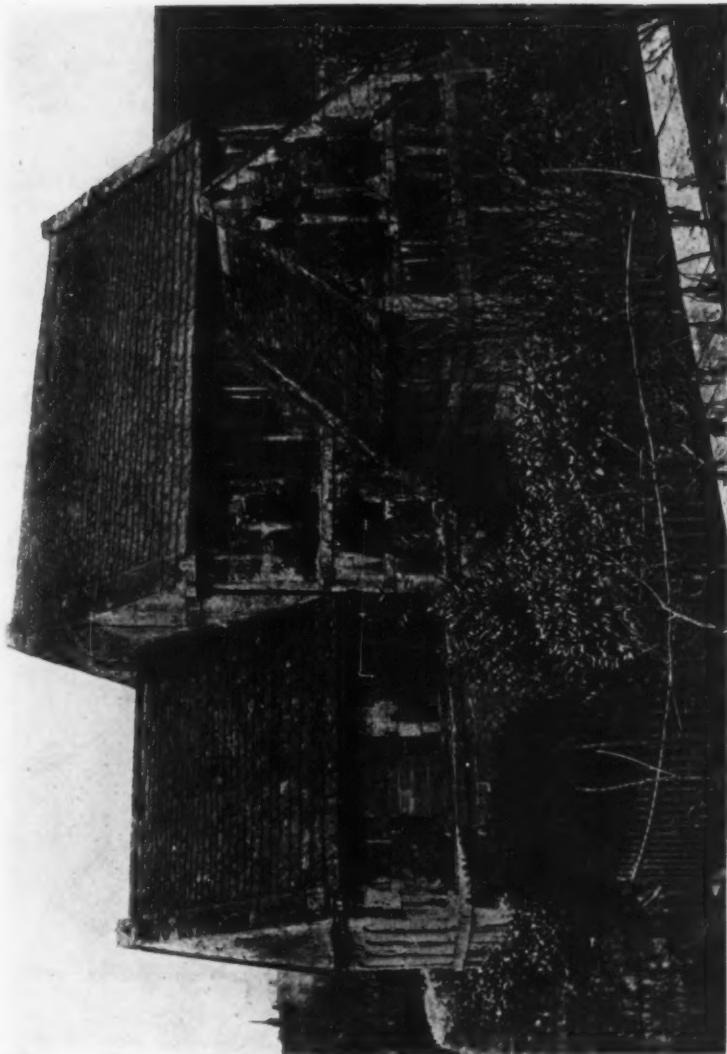
The suggestion that this happy combination could be brought about came, like a good many similar suggestions, from across the water, where many of the old slate roof buildings are still intact after some hundreds of years. For example, look at the illustration reproduced here of an old Saxon chapel built in the eighth century, and still standing in Bradford-on-Avon, England. This roof is of slate and by all accounts is as old as the walls with which it so completely harmonizes. The slates are as rough and irregular as old moss grown shingles and a further interest is lent to them by the way they are laid. Notice the big broad slates laid well to the weather at the eaves, and then how they graduate upward until the slates next to the ridge pole are very much smaller, lighter and narrower.

Since we have taken time in this country to pay some attention to beauty and fitness as well as to utility, we have been doing

some thinking and investigating with reference to roofs. We have experimented with tile, thatch and all kinds of shingles as well as with the strictly utilitarian forms of roofing. But now the slate comes to the front in a form that makes it one of the most interesting of all. The illustration of the separate slates gives a clearer idea of how this may be done than any description, as it shows the irregular surface, rough edges, and graduated size and thickness of some of our modern slates.

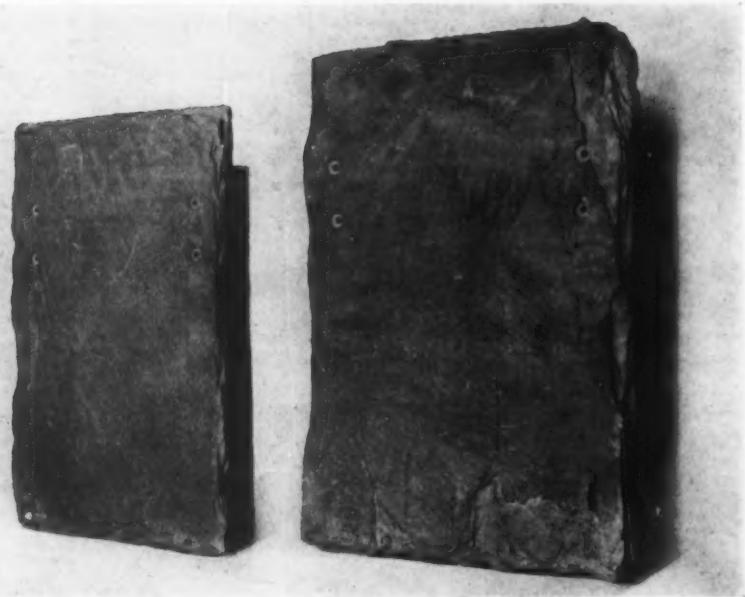
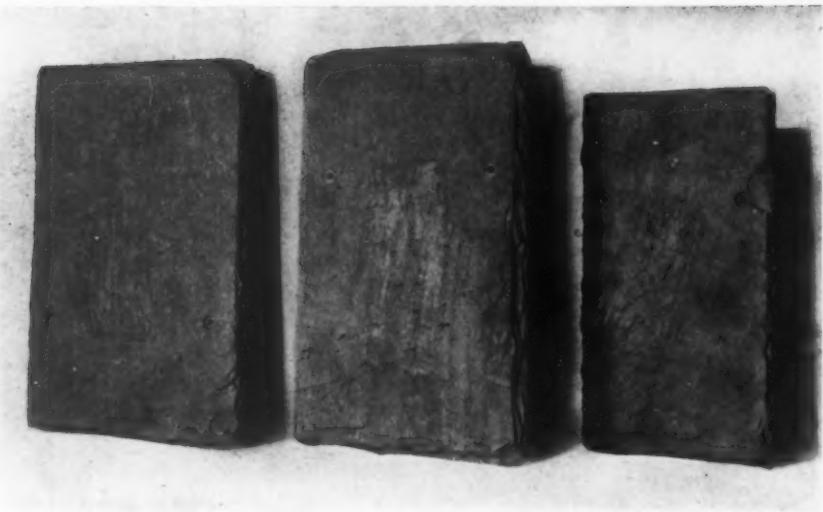
But the illustrations convey only the idea of form, not of color, and the way slates are made now makes color possible as well. They not only come in the slatey gray tones, but also in a dull brick red that harmonizes wonderfully with the colors in either brick or stone and gives much the same effect from a distance as an old Spanish roof of red tile. Then there is a tone that is called purple, but the purple in it is no more vivid than that found in some rock formations. It is rather a reddish purple tone that warms the brownish gray of the slate than any decided color. The same applies to the green slate and to the slates that show varying tones of green and purple as they might be combined in natural rock formations.

These earth and rock colors, combined with the rough surface and rugged edges of the slates, make it possible to have a roof that from the very first has all the appearance of age and that harmonizes not only with the building but with all the surrounding landscape, because both color and surface are those of the natural rock. The usefulness of a slate roof has always been so indisputable that practically the only thing that has stood in the way of its success has been the general prejudice against what was believed to be its inevitable ugliness, but if these effects can be produced, it will do much toward bringing about in this country a style of roof for stone buildings as beautiful and interesting as the shingle roof on dwellings of wood.



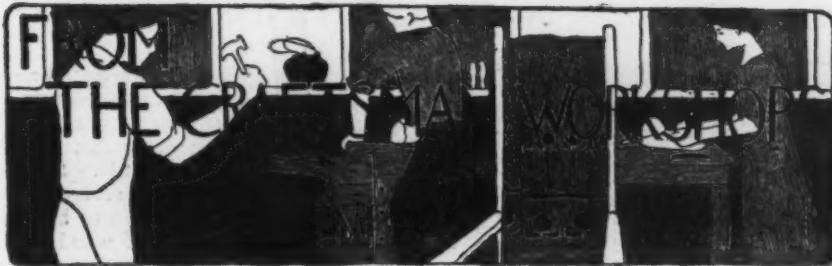
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AN EIGHTH CENTURY ENGLISH CHAPEL WHICH
REVEALS THE DURABILITY AND PICTURESQUE QUAL-
ITY OF UNEVEN SLATE AS A ROOF COVERING.



See page 228

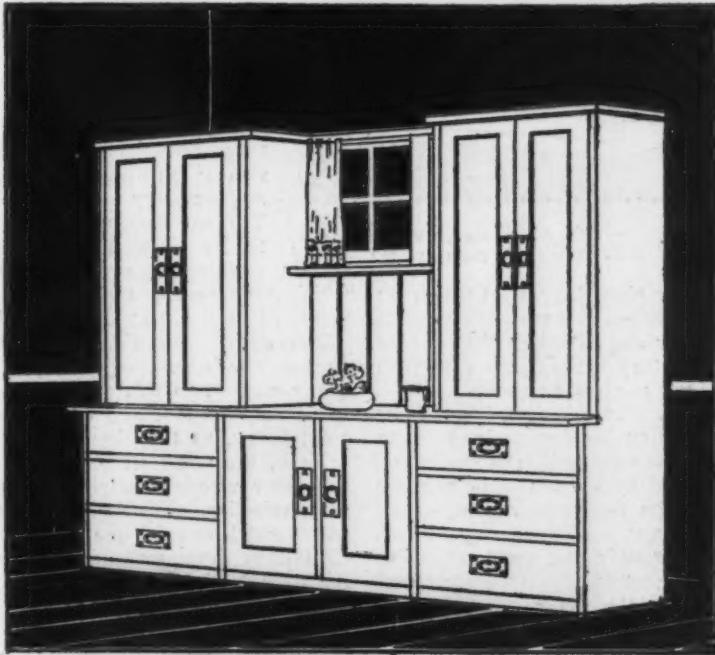
SHOWING DIFFERENT SIZES AND THICKNESSES
OF SLATE AND HOW THEY ARE TREATED TO
MAKE AN INTERESTING ROOF.



SOME BUILT-IN FURNISHINGS FROM OUR OWN BUNGALOWS AND A SIMPLE MODEL OR TWO FOR METAL WORKERS

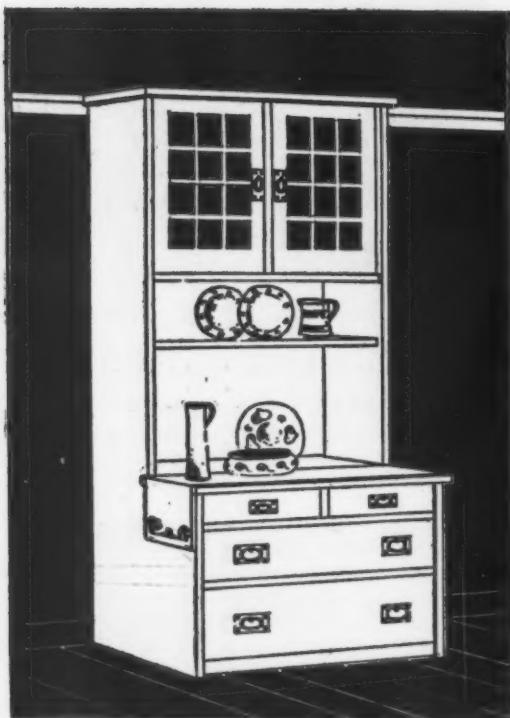
OME built-in fittings of our own design, which later will be made by the craftsmen and students for use in the bungalows at Craftsman Farms,

are given this month as models for the use of amateur cabinet makers. We are publishing in this same issue plans and descriptions of the bungalows, and by look-



A BUILT-IN KITCHEN CUPBOARD, WITH CASEMENT WINDOW IN CENTRAL PORTION.

BUILT-IN CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS



A COMBINATION SIDEBOARD
AND CHINA CLOSET.

ing at the floor plans the use to which we intend to put these cupboards and cabinets will be made clear, although they are so designed that they will fit into any room and can be put to almost any use.

The large kitchen cupboard which is shown in the first illustration is meant to be a part of the construction of the house, as is evidenced by the casement window and wall section that appear between the two high cabinets. It is an easy matter, however, to modify the construction so that it can be made as a separate piece, and in that case the window would better be replaced by two or three shelves, which might be curtained if desired. Also, the section of the wall which shows in the center, and which is made of wide boards

which they belong and of course blueprints of both are at the disposal of any subscriber of *THE CRAFTSMAN* who desires to use them.

We suggest in this particular case the use of copper door and drawer pulls and escutcheons, as they harmonize with the color of the wood we intend to use; but for other woods wrought iron might be more effective. The design of these pulls and escutcheons is one of the regular Craftsman designs that we are using all the time in our metal shops.

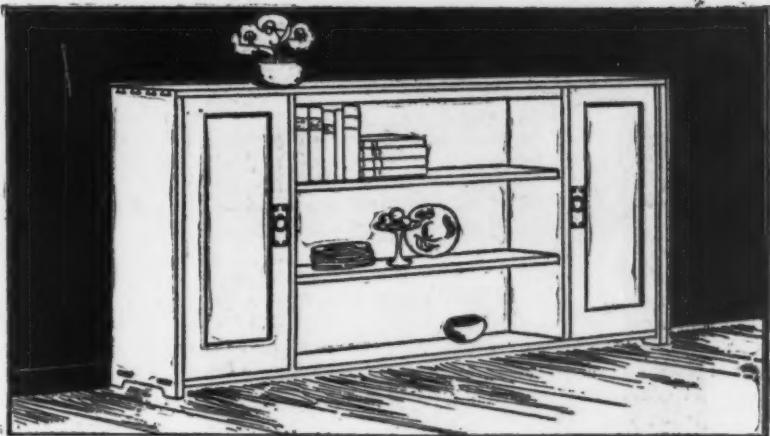
The second piece is meant for the dining room and is a combined sideboard and china closet. The construction is much simpler than that of the big kitchen cupboard and the piece is meant to occupy

BUILT-IN CRAFTSMAN FURNISHINGS

about one-third of the space demanded for the other. The chief difference in the making is found in the doors of the cupboard, which have small square panes of leaded glass with broad muntins of wood. This side-board also is easily convertible to other uses, as it would be quite as convenient in the kitchen as in the dining room,

and in a small kitchen would be better than the larger piece. Also it might serve as a cabinet for the living room; but in that case, the whole open space should be shelved for books. In a house with little closet room the drawers might prove very convenient in a piece of living room furniture.

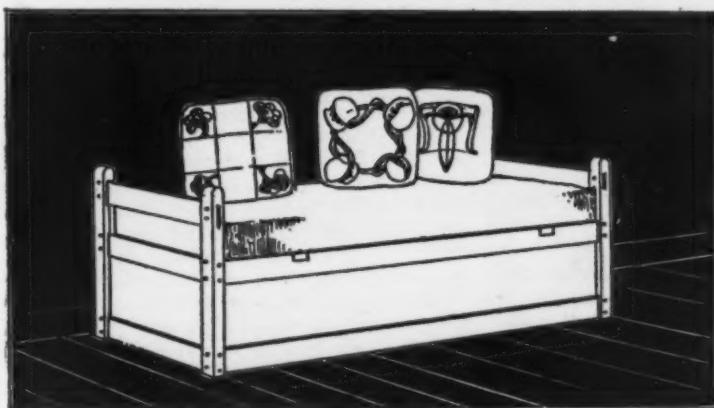
The third cabinet is the simplest of all and is primarily designed for the living



BUILT-IN SHELVES AND CUPBOARD FOR LIVING ROOM.

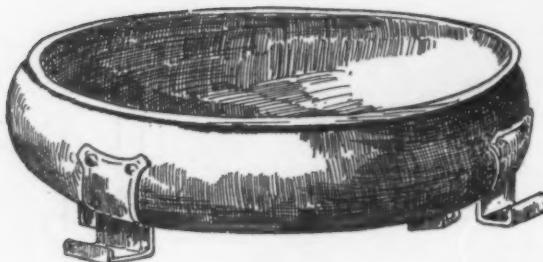
room. In the plan of the bungalow for which it is meant, one of these pieces appears on either side of the room, the remaining space being filled by the box couches. The two cupboards of course can be fitted for a variety of uses, from the storing of such things as books, magazines and writing material, down to overshoes; and in camp life such a convenience would often be greatly appreciated. Yet

like the other two this piece would be equally at home in the dining room or kitchen, or wherever a combination of shelf and closet room happens to be required. Like the others also, this was primarily intended to be built into the wall, but can be made as a separate piece if necessary. A slight touch of



BOX COUCH FOR LIVING ROOM.

DESIGNS IN METAL WORK

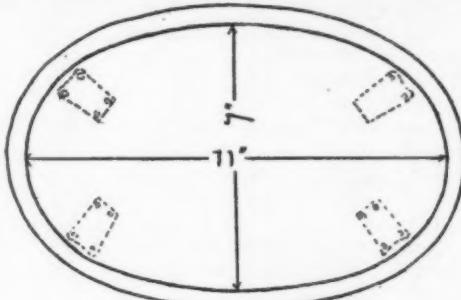


OVAL METAL BOWL FOR DINING TABLE.

decoration is seen in the dovetails and tenons at the ends, but the natural beauty or crudity of the whole piece depends entirely upon the workmanship. Any one of these cabinets can just as well be made with an accuracy of workmanship, fineness of finish, and beauty of color that would harmonize with the most carefully planned surroundings; or it may be finished so as to express the camping character of bungalow furnishings,—although of course there would be no difference so far as the construction goes. The whole difference would lie in the choice of wood and the finish of minor details.

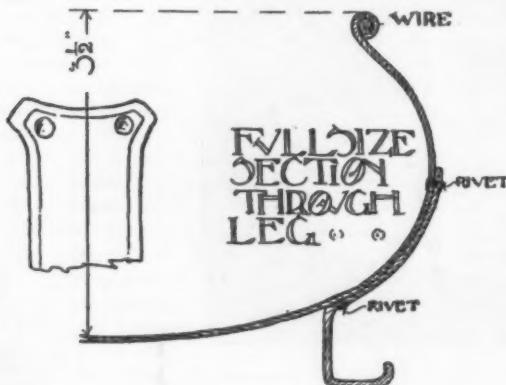
Another bit of furniture that is equally useful is the box couch shown in the last illustration. This is very strongly

made with mortise and tenon construction, carefully pinned through with wooden pins so that racking apart is impossible. The decorative effect is entirely dependent upon those features which give strength to the piece, and is very interesting, the rails along the sides and ends being so adjusted as to give the impression of a long panel between. The ends are raised considerably higher than the sides to allow a support for the pillows. The whole lower part of the couch, that is, the



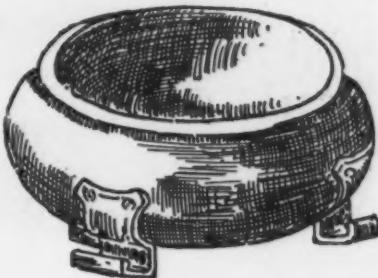
PLAN OF OVAL BOWL.

box proper, is carefully lined with wood so that it is proof against dust, moths, or dampness. It would be an excellent plan to make this lining of cedar, as that fragrant wood is in itself a preservative, but of course this extravagance would be advisable only in case of a very finely finished couch, the lower part of which might be used for storing furs, winter garments and other things from which it is necessary to keep the moths. For a bungalow,—and for the storing in daytime of the bedding used upon the couch at night,—a lining of plain pine would be quite good enough. The top of the couch is supported upon stout webbing stretched firmly across the frame. Couch springs are placed



DESIGNS IN METAL WORK

upon this webbing and then comes the thickly padded upholstered top, which does away with the necessity for a mattress and makes the couch entirely comfortable for use as a bed. The presence of one or two such couches in a bungalow or small cottage adds greatly to the sleeping accommodations, as well as affording a storage place for bedding or extra clothing. Like the other pieces, this couch can be made as plain or as sumptuous looking as seems desirable. It all depends upon the wood selected, the finish given and the material used for the upholstering. For those we make, we shall probably use Craftsman

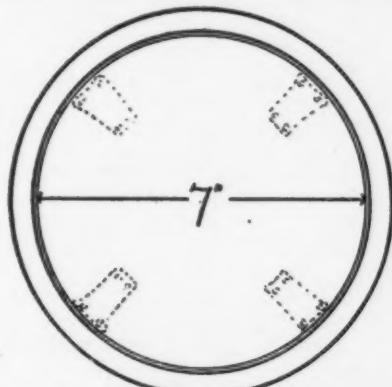


ROUND METAL NUT BOWL.

be made and then taken to a silversmith.

In the first place a paper pattern should be cut of the exact dimensions of the sheet of metal from which the bowl is to be hammered. In the case of the large oval bowl, this pattern should be 18 inches long and about 15 inches wide; for the medium sized round bowl, the pattern should be a circle 16 inches in diameter; for the small round bowl, a circle 12 inches in diameter. When finished, the oval bowl should be 11 inches long by 7 inches wide and the small round bowls 7 inches and 5 inches in diameter respectively. Any one used to metal working will not require definite directions for the making of such simple pieces, but we should recommend to the beginner,—or to the person who has done but little work,—a careful study of the directions given in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for October, 1907. These directions include a detailed description of the equipment required, with a list of all the tools needed

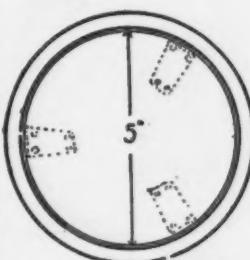
for ordinary metal work, as well as very complete instructions as to the best method of handling copper, and will be of great help to inexperienced workers. Those used to metal-work will not need them.



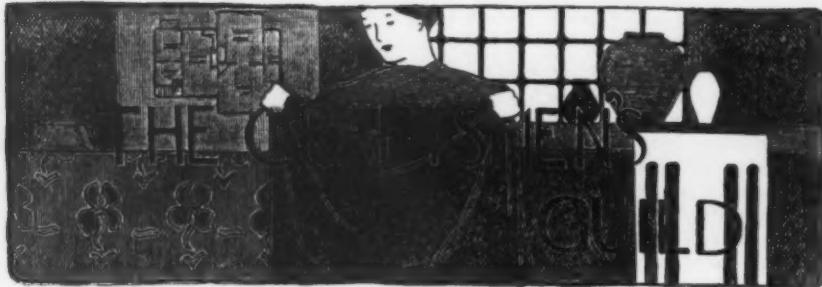
PLAN OF LARGE CIRCULAR BOWL.

canvas, but leather, velour, or any other material would be equally fitting.

THE models we give for the use of metal workers are taken from some round and oval bowls designed to hold fruit, nuts, or bonbons. We have found these small bowls very satisfactory, especially as we finish them with a frosted silver lining and put a high polish on the copper. This takes away all appearance of ruggedness or crudeness and brings the dish into proper relation with silver, cut glass and all fine tableware. If the bowls are not made for table use, they need not be silver lined, but if the lining seems needed for the right effect, the bowl can



PLAN OF SMALL CIRCULAR BOWL.



DEVELOPING A HOME INDUSTRY: HOW THE ABNÁKEE RUG GREW OUT OF THE OLD-FASHIONED HOOKED MAT OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS: BY HELEN R. ALBEE

IT is more than eleven years since the first move was made toward establishing what is today known as the Abnákee rug industry. Those first steps in developing a new craft showed the same evidences of uncertainty and inexperience that we see in any baby learning to walk, but with this difference: there was no mother hand of tradition and precedent to direct the movement. For generations the home-made product known as hooked rugs had been made in farm-houses throughout New England, Canada and Nova Scotia, yet it seldom found a market and was not followed as a regular employment. It was wholly an individual work; and though here and there good examples were made, yet, for the most part, such rugs and mats represented merely a means of covering what would otherwise be bare floors, and of rescuing cast-off clothing from moths.

Many things conspired to make them ugly: first was the lack of suitable material,—for there were few gowns of bright holiday colors in the wardrobes of these thrifty, hard-working people, though there was an excess of old pantaloons, overalls, and dingy woolen garments that were dyed and redyed as long as there was a remnant left,—and out of this heterogeneous collection rose up and flourished the old hooked rug. All small pieces of gay-col-

ored cloth, either cotton or wool, were saved and sparingly distributed over a dun or drab rug in the form of flowers, autumn leaves, vines, animals, singing birds and even human faces. With no knowledge of art, and little skill in drawing, each woman was a law unto herself in the matter of design, and her ideas were supplemented and confirmed by the authoritative standard set by the stamped burlap offered in country stores, where in flaring colors these same crude themes were made even more pronounced and inartistic.

I state these facts not in a spirit of criticism, but as a matter of history; for it was from this parent stock that the Abnákee rug descended. That the latter does not more closely resemble the parent is due to the fact that I never saw any one hook a rug until I worked out the process for myself from verbal directions, and because of my ignorance of how others worked, the Abnákee rug is what it is.

I was told to work in straight lines and to bring my loops up so as to make an even surface on top; but as I cannot follow any line of rectitude long and seldom do the simplest thing twice alike my straight lines grew wobbly and wandered in many directions, and the loops were anything but uniform in height. As the pattern grew under my hands I noted that these transgressions produced an unexpected result.

DEVELOPING A HOME INDUSTRY

My vagarious departures broke up the severe straight-line effect in which each loop stood out distinctly as a loop; now they caught the light at different angles which gave slight variations of tone, and the separate loops were blurred into each other. Also, the rough surface with its loops of uneven height, when very slightly sheared, became a smooth texture of cut and uncut loops—for I clipped off only the tips of the highest—and this variety added still further to the play of color and the beauty of texture.

My next radical departure from established methods was to use new burlap instead of the pieces of old half-worn bagging that the farmer's wife finds in the barn. I tried several grades, such as are offered at wholesale in one hundred and fifty yard pieces, and have adopted one of smooth even weave, close texture—but not tightly woven—forty inches wide, made in Great Britain and bearing as a trade mark the letter D in a large triangle. I do not know the trade name of this particular quality, but I believe it to be exceptionally good, for I am asked to send it to all parts of the country by people who have first submitted their samples to me and find my grade superior. The best material is none too good, and it is an absolute necessity to use a stout foundation for a hooked rug. If the weave is too loose the loops of cloth will not hold firmly; if too close the threads of burlap tighten and pucker as the filling goes on and become almost impossible to work.

In my first experiments I tried many fabrics,—broadcloth, cheviot, nun's veiling, ladies' cloth, cashmere, mohair and several straight weaves. After eighteen months of futile search—for none of these was suitable for the work—I secured a few pieces of pure-wool twilled flannel such as was used for underwear before knitted goods came in. It proved an ideal texture for my purpose, and great was my disappointment when I learned that it was the last of a remnant lot, and if more were wanted a special order must be given to the mills, but that I must be responsible

for the entire order, if it were made up, as there was no call for such goods. It took considerable courage and faith in the enterprise to order five cases of six hundred yards each—but, as no other fabric was available, I gave the order. The particular quality I mean is a pure wool twill weighing from $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces per yard, without sulphur bleach, cold pressed and woven without selvedge. Buying in large quantities at mill prices I have been able to supply other small industries with the best grade procurable at the same prices asked for mixed wool and cotton goods. In this way I get rid of my surplus stock and enable others to procure in small quantities superior material at a minimum cost.

Wholesale purchase of supplies is one point where established industries may, if they will, generously serve the general cause of handicrafts as well as their own personal interests; and it is well for them to consider that, in reducing the cost and in sharing reputable commodities with others, they help to establish any given craft upon a permanent basis in many places. Abnákee rugs were exhibited for four years at many arts and crafts societies, yet no one ventured into the field until I began to offer flannel, dyes, burlap, frames and hooks—none of which could be found in the retail markets. This enabled others to begin at a point which it took me years to reach, and in consequence of this policy my work is gradually taking on a new and larger character, for it is today more of an educational movement than an industry for producing rugs. Small independent centers of the work are established in every State of the Union, and it has been taken into many foreign countries, Labrador, Ireland, England, Canada, Nova Scotia, Hawaii, the Aleutian Islands—and this last summer a frame, hook, a manual of instructions and a small sampler of the finished work were sent to China. Experiments are also being made toward establishing the work as a permanent craft in many public institutions such as State industrial schools, insane hospitals, sanatoriums for the ner-

DEVELOPING A HOME INDUSTRY

vous, normal and high schools, kindergartens, art schools, arts and crafts societies and settlements in both city and country—all because suitable materials and instructions are placed at their disposal.

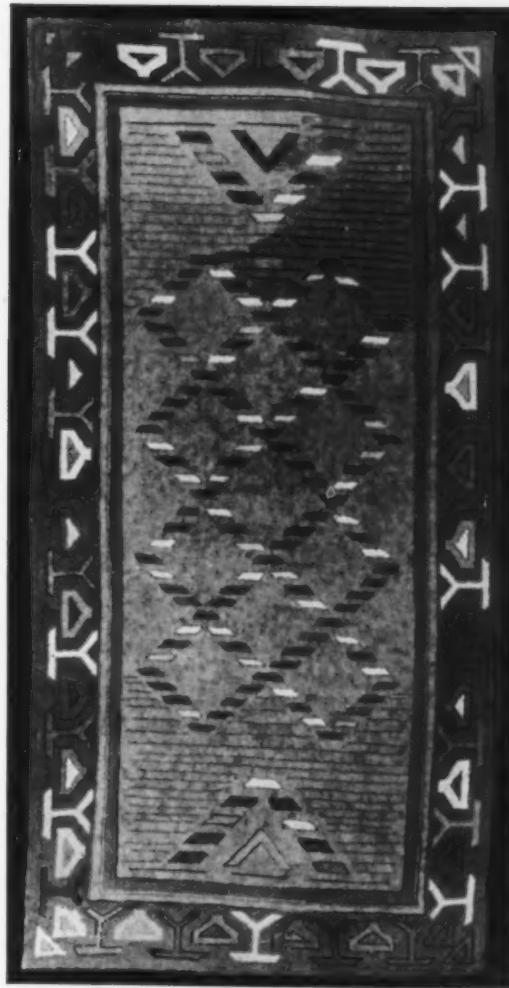
Many people are reluctant to buy material for rug-making, but, while first experiments may be made with old dress-goods, yet every argument is against the continued use of them. It was a common tragedy in making the old form of rug to have the material run short unexpectedly, and many a rug was spoiled, when almost completed, for want of a little more cloth,—for no makeshift could cover the deficiency. This is of course impossible where new goods are dyed for each rug, as I always allow an extra amount to meet every contingency. Warm tones of old rose, blue, dull reds, moss greens, and burnt orange are not found in gowns, and these are requisite for an artistic rug. Dress fabrics are either too thin or too thick for rug purposes. The old way was to cut strips quite wide and fold them three-ply in working, which made a rug as hard and unyielding as a board. With very narrow strips of a soft woolly twill a rug has the resilience of thick moss.

Aside from these considerations, the element of time and labor is important. In the early days I used a cashmere gown to make a small rug containing about six square feet, and the making consumed three weeks of hard labor. Later, with my twilled flannel, a rug of the same pattern containing seven square feet was finished and hemmed in sixteen hours, and later still I made a rug eight feet by four, of elaborate coloring and design, in three weeks, working only three hours a day,—thirty-two square feet in fifty-four hours. As labor represents one-third the cost of production in an Abnákee rug it is a matter of justice to the worker as well as economy to use material that fills rapidly.

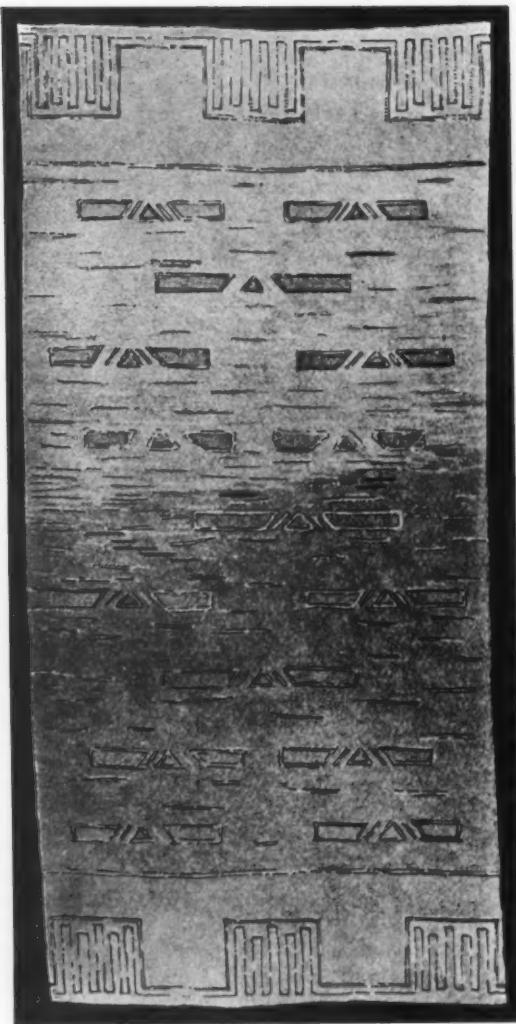
Perhaps the greatest departure made from the old rugs was in the character of the designs. They belonged to the days when it was the custom to decorate floor coverings with imitations of natural

objects, lilies and roses with impossible shading, garlands and baskets of flowers which, if real, would trip the unwary foot, cats and stags with purple eyes and magenta bodies, dogs and lions trying to look realistically ferocious. Naturally, all this kind of "art" had to be scrupulously avoided,—and also the copying of Oriental rugs. If one likes an Oriental rug, one wants the genuine article, not a copy. Yet, with this source of inspiration cut off, I pondered long over what was left for the designer. When one considers that the nations of the world have been making rugs for endless generations, at first glance it seems as if nothing remains but to copy their ideas more or less directly. Yet this attitude is fatal for the craftsman. His work has value only so far as it represents a fresh individual expression; the world has so little use for parodies that imitators are short-lived. With this conviction in mind I turned to primitive ornament,—North American Indian, South Sea Island, Peruvian, Mexican, Assyrian and Egyptian designs,—and in them found unlimited material for decorating rugs, as they show the use, in the most forcible and varied ways, of all sorts of simple elements such as squares, triangles, bars, bands, lines, characters and symbols of religious significance, decorative units built upon the straight line and angle.

At first all that I could do was to make direct copies of certain patterns, and combine portions of them to meet my needs, for it is well-nigh impossible for a lover of curves and arabesques to think originally in the terms of savage ornament. But I found as time went on that this study helped to simplify my thought, and I made a steady gain in coherence and force, not only in the application of design but in language and daily action. I believe a patient study of the best savage ornament has a profound psychological influence upon the whole nature as a corrective to the modern mind involved with the endless complexities of our present civilization. After several years' use of this form of ornament I find I can return to the



RUG DESIGN IN WHICH BARBARIC SYMBOLS
ARE USED IN THE BORDER.



RUG DESIGN SHOWING MRS. ALBEE'S
ADAPTATION OF PRIMITIVE FORMS.

DEVELOPING A HOME INDUSTRY

intricate ornament of the Moorish, Persian, Arabian, Japanese and Hindu, and extract simple elements adapted to my purposes. The very nature of the hooked rugs precludes fine details and elaborate patterns, for these are lost when worked with strips a little less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide.

The manner in which design is applied to any given area is of great importance. The simplest and most conventional way is to surround a plain center with a border made of repeated units. The border may be further enriched by another very narrow border next to the edge of the rug; or there may be a second one added on the inner side next to the center. These little borders may or may not be enclosed by lines; in the latter case a variety may be given by letting the narrow inner border break into the plain center. This triple band of borders may be removed from the edge of the rug and placed a few inches within it, leaving a band of plain color,—usually the one used in the center,—at the edge of the rug.

Another treatment would be to run a four or five inch border all about a rug, and add two wide bands of a different pattern, placing them just inside the marginal border at the top and bottom of the rug. The plain field then presents a square or rectangle, in the center of which a small medallion or symbol may be placed. This arrangement produces a very beautiful effect even where the simplest units form the basis of the patterns.

A design may also be arranged with a plain ground and a border placed at either end, inclosed by lines or simply edged on the outer side with a plain band of color on which appears a little repeated unit, and the inner portion of the design may lie directly upon the plain center ground, uninclosed. If preferred, the plain ground of the rug may be broken by horizontal units placed at intervals. End borders may consist of a central figure or medallion with a symmetrical pattern running from it on either side to the edge; or it may be in one long panel resting on a band of plain color.

In my own industry I have worked out perhaps fifty designs, and I make a continued effort to secure some new arrangement of my ornament as well as a varied form in the elements composing it. The above descriptions indicate the principles upon which I proceed. Having first determined the space to be covered, I decide upon the general arrangement of the pattern, and the space it shall occupy, and then work out the details. I make a very small rough drawing of the completed rug, for in no other way can one determine proportions that will be pleasing. Keeping to these proportions I draw the design on an enlarged scale to the exact size required. Usually this larger drawing represents a quarter of the rug, though, if it is merely a border, I draw the corner and two or more units to be repeated. The pattern is then traced upon a light-weight quality of red press board such as is used to cover copy books. The size is twenty-eight inches by seventeen. When the design is traced, the stencil may be cut with a pair of small pointed scissors, and many bridges should be left so as to hold the design well together. I find scissors better than a knife; and the yellow oiled stencil paper that some recommend is of no use to me as it is very brittle and soaks easily in stamping.

After the stencil is cut it is varnished carefully on both sides and is dried thoroughly before it is used. To stamp a design I use a diluted solution of common bluing and apply it with a small nail brush that has a little handle raised on the back, which I find better than the usual stencil brush. A narrow flat brush is required at times where a line is to be drawn at the edge of the stencil on the burlap. It is not necessary to tack the stencil in stamping; merely hold it firmly in place with the left hand and scrub in the bluing lightly without moving the brush about much. Use as little of the liquid as possible and keep the stencil wiped dry as you go along. In the next paper I shall describe the frame and hook and the methods of work.

THE ACID COLORS: BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PELLEW, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: NUMBER VI

SOON after the discovery and introduction into commerce of mauvein and the other basic dyes, and chemists, all over the world, had turned their attention to this new and important application of their science, it was noticed that some organic bodies, of a decidedly acid character, had the power of dyeing wool and silk. These early dyes were so-called "nitro" compounds, formed by the action of strong nitric acid upon derivatives of coal tar, and in most cases gave strong and brilliant, but rather fugitive, shades of yellow. The most interesting of these, perhaps, was the compound known as "picric acid," which at one time was considerably used for dyeing silk yellow, but now, abandoned for that purpose, is manufactured on an enormous scale for use as an explosive.

These original acid dyes were of little importance. But in the early seventies chemists began to make use of a reaction known as "diazotizing" for making new organic compounds, by the coupling of aniline, or bodies similar to aniline, with all sorts and kinds of other compounds derived from coal tar. The number of derivatives of this sort proved enormous, and many of them had more or less valuable dyeing properties. And in a very short time new dyestuffs had been discovered, good, bad, and indifferent, numbering not hundreds, but thousands.

A few of these so-called "Azo" dyes were of the "Basic" class, like Bismarck Brown, mentioned in the last article; and still others, discovered ten or fifteen years later, constituted the class of "Direct Cotton colors" or "Salt colors"—discussed in a previous paper. But the great bulk of these colors belonged to the so-called "Acid" class, forming salts with bases and alkalies, and being liberated from the salts by strong acids.

The number of Acid Azo colors is very large. In the catalogues of commercial coal tar colors there are some two hundred

and fifty of these dyes, which have been picked out of the rest as having sufficient value to be carefully described, and to have been placed on the market by the great dye houses. Most of these are red and orange colors, with a few yellows. As a rule they are brilliant and clear, but, with a few exceptions, not particularly fast to light.

When these were introduced it was soon recognized that they were of practically no value for cotton and linen. They are as a rule much more soluble than the Basic dyes lately discussed, and hence are occasionally used as stains for wood, rattan and other vegetable materials where considerable penetration is needed without fastness to washing. But such use is of little importance.

These Acid dyes are almost exclusively employed for dyeing wool and silk, feathers and other animal fibers, and for this they are extremely valuable. The introduction of the Acid Azo colors so simplified and improved the dyeing of wool and silk, that every effort was made to increase the range of colors. And when it was found that the Azo colors were weak on the line of blue, purple and green, efforts were made, which after several years proved successful, to change the various powerful Basic dyes, the Methyl Violets, Fuchsin or Aniline Red, Aniline Blue, Malachite Green and the rest, into Acid dyes, so that they could all be used in the same dye baths. This has resulted in a very wide range of colors indeed, for the Acid Azo colors cover fully all the shades of yellow, orange, and especially of red, from scarlets of all sorts and kinds, to deep full crimsons. And then the remaining shades are covered by the acidified or sulphonated Basic colors.

These latter, by the way, though very brilliant and strong and rich, are no faster to light than the original Basic colors from which they are derived. Of late years the Acid colors have held their own, and still

ACID COLORS FOR DYEING WOOL AND SILK

monopolize the commercial, as well as the hand, dyeing of wool and silk excepting under special circumstances, when great fastness to washing is required.

DYEING DIRECTIONS:

The Acid dyes, like the Basic, are used in an acid bath; but in the Basic dyes the bath was acidified with a little acetic acid, to keep the color in solution. In the case of the Acid dyes, however, the dyestuffs are almost always put on the market in the form of the potassium or ammonium salts of the color acid. And the presence of some acid is always necessary to liberate the color acid and allow it to combine with the basic principles existing in the animal fibers.

For Wool.—

The goods, well washed and soaked, are warmed gently in a bath containing plenty of water, a little sulphuric acid and a good deal of Glauber's salt. Both acid and salt should be free from iron, or the shade will be dulled.

For a $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 gallon dye pot, such as my readers have been recommended to use, a teaspoonful of strong sulphuric acid (or better, three spoonfuls of acid 30 per cent. strong) is about right, and there should be about twice that amount of Glauber's salt.

It is hard to tell just what is the function of the Glauber's salt. It seems, however, to open up the pores of the wool in some way, and to make it dye more evenly and deeply. The bath is gently heated, with constant stirring of the goods, until the right shade is produced, or, if it is desired to exhaust the bath and so waste no color, until near the boiling point.

The goods when taken out of the dye bath must be washed very thoroughly, to remove the last trace of acid, which otherwise on drying would ruin the wool.

It must be remembered that these acid dyes do not affect cotton in the least, and so the goods dyed in this way must be free from vegetable fibers, if level dyeings are to be obtained.

In dyeing wool skeins commercially it is,

of course, of the utmost importance to have the colors perfectly level and uniform. This is obtained easily enough, when using these Acid dyes, by having the wool thoroughly wet before placing it in a dye bath; and by having it well loosened out and well stirred so that the color will penetrate evenly every part of the material. And, finally, by starting the bath at a moderate temperature, and heating it gradually, until the proper shade is obtained.

For certain kinds of arts and crafts work, however, extremely interesting effects can be obtained by dyeing skeins of wool irregularly, giving the so-called "Rainbow effects." If, for instance, a thick, wet skein is tied into a loose knot and dyed for a few minutes in a weak bath of blue, and then taken out, knotted in another place and dyed a light shade of red, it is evident that after shaking out the skein, and carefully washing it, the wool will be found colored a great variety of shades, ranging from pure blue to pure red, through all the varieties of lavender, violet, etc. Still different effects are obtained by using three baths of color, the wool being all lightly dyed in one bath, and then shaded in the two other baths, either by dipping different overlapping portions, or else as before, by knotting up the skeins and dyeing them in one bath, and then, after untying and knotting in a different place, dyeing them in the other bath.

Several modifications of these methods will suggest themselves to the skilful dyer and, if the colors are connected judiciously, extremely interesting results can be obtained.

Before leaving the subject of wool dyeing, I would like to say that, during the past few months, several inquiries have come to me with regard to strong, hand-woven worsted yarns for use, especially as warp, in blanket and rug weaving on hand looms. During the summer I visited one of the small islands off the Maine coast, where, in times past, the women were accustomed to spin their own yarns

ACID COLORS FOR DYEING WOOL AND SILKS

for the making of blankets, and also for the mittens and stockings used by their husbands, who were usually sailors and fishermen. This industry has now disappeared, owing to the competition of inferior, but cheaper, factory-made yarn; but I was able to find samples of the old yarns, and learned that, if there was any demand for such material, at a price which would be at all remunerative, some of the women would be willing to take their old spinning wheels down from the garrets, and, in the long winter evenings, start up the now abandoned industry. In case any of my readers should be interested in this matter, I would be glad to correspond with them on the subject, if they will direct their letters to the office of **THE CRAFTSMAN**.

For Leather.—

The directions, given in the last paper, for dyeing leather with the Basic colors, apply equally well to the dyes of this class. It will be found that few, if any, of the dyes included in our list of Selected Colors, given below, show any of the metallic luster characteristic of the Basic dyes.

For Feathers.—

The dyeing of feathers is almost exclusively done by means of these Acid colors, but, in order to get successful results with the more delicate and valuable stock, like ostrich feathers, some special precautions have to be taken. The feathers after bleaching, and careful washing to remove the grease, are immersed in a shallow dye bath (an agateware basin is as convenient as anything), butt foremost.

The feathers consist of two parts—the butt and stem and the flues, and the test of a well-dyed feather is to have the stem well colored from the butt as far up the feather as the color is meant to go; and then to have the flues dyed to match the stems, and, at the same time, to have them in proper physical condition, so that they are neither stringy nor woolly, but have a smooth, well-filled appearance.

The flues dye very much easier than the stems, and hardest of all to dye is the butt.

So in dyeing, the feathers are always held by the tip, butt foremost, and soaked for a considerable time in a lukewarm bath of the dyestuff, which is heated very gently until the proper shade is reached. In many cases it is desirable to dye the butts darker than the tips; and, where the tips are to be left white, this is effected by wrapping the tip of the feather carefully and tightly in tissue paper, or even in oil paper, for the proper distance, thereby keeping it from the action of the dyestuff.

To prevent the flues from becoming stringy, the dye bath is always acidified with a few crystals of oxalic acid, for sulphuric and other strong acids have a very corrosive effect upon the fine and delicate portions of the feather. After dyeing, the feather is rinsed off in water and then thoroughly impregnated by dipping and rubbing with a thick milk, not a paste, made by stirring finely powdered corn or wheat starch with *cold* water. After this the feather is carefully dried between sheets of blotting or filter paper, and then dried still further in the sunlight, or over a hot radiator, or even, if great care is used to avoid overheating, above a low gas flame, until absolutely dry. The dried starch is then beaten out of it by striking it sharply against the edge of the hand, or against the top and sides of the table. And, when this has been carefully done, the flues will come out in the proper condition. Other kinds of feathers are dyed in the same general way, but these as a rule are not so liable to injury as ostrich feathers.

It may be of interest to some of my readers to say a word about the cleaning and bleaching of white feathers that have become soiled by wear. If these are still of good quality and not broken, they can be scrubbed, quite thoroughly, in a basin with warm soap and water, provided that a good neutral soap, such as Castile, is used. After rinsing they should then be very delicately blued, by dyeing them in a cold bath made acid with a little oxalic acid, and with the least trace of some dark

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blue or purple color added to it. They are then finished with starch, as above.

Selected Dyes.—

While the Acid dyes in general are not particularly fast to light, it is only proper to say that certain special ones, among which are those included in the following table, will be found exceedingly permanent, even in the lighter shades. A series of ten skeins of wool and yarn, dyed in different shades from a deep blue, through a range of colors covering delicate grays and pink, up to a full deep red, have been standing exposed to diffused and, for a part of the time, to direct sunlight in my laboratory for a year and a half, without the slightest change of color being perceptible.

Badische: Induline N N.
Acid Yellow B R E.
Cochineal Red R R Double.

Cassella: Tetracyanol S F.

Elberfeld:	Acid Yellow A T Cone. Brilliant Cochineal R R. Alizarine Blue S A P. Diamond Flavine G. Azo Fuchsine G.
Kalle:	Biebrich Alizarine Blue B. " Acid Réd 213. Carmoisine A. Wool Yellow T A.
Metz:	Fast Acid Blue B B. " " Yellow 3 G. " " Red M. " " Eosine G. " " Phloxine A.

The last two colors in the above list, Fast Acid Eosine G, and Fast Acid Phloxine A, Metz, while not as fast as the others, will be found interesting as being the fastest representatives of the "Eosine" family, which, on wool, and especially on silk, give beautiful shades of pink, with yellow and blue fluorescence.

SECRET OF THE WONDERFUL COLOR COMBINATIONS USED BY THE ORIENTALS AND BY PRIMITIVE PEOPLES

THE question is sometimes raised as to whether or not civilization is as destructive of the natural sense of color as it is of sight, hearing, smell and the other natural senses. When we study the color combinations of primitive peoples, we are apt to think that this is so, and it is only when we turn to the wonderful use of color by races of far older and higher civilization than our own that we realize that it is not civilization in itself, but our kind of civilization, that destroys the power of pure perception and unerring combination of color.

That this should be so is in line with the other defects of our crude western civilization. We have lost the power of discerning the most subtly harmonious color combinations because we are always seeking for obvious and striking effects that are

quickly and easily obtained. This is partly because we do not see rightly and partly because in this age of swift action we do not stop to analyze the relation of colors to one another and to their surroundings. We are given to using color in an intentional way rather than as something that is inevitably a part of the whole scheme of things. We may like a certain color and so we put it into the furnishings of a room,—not because it is the color that naturally belongs there, but because it is something that is interesting to us and so we put it there. Therefore, with our dulled color-perception, we make some astonishing blunders, and, with all the pure and brilliant colors that modern science has placed at our command, we fail to obtain as brilliant and beautiful results from their combination as we find either in the work

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of the Oriental craftsmen, or of primitive peoples like the South Sea Islanders or our own American Indians. There is no question about the harm that we do to the work of primitive people when we replace their native dyestuffs by our own modern dyes; and we know equally well how impossible it is to copy the dull rich colors of Oriental rugs in such a way as to produce the same effects. They are as close copies as we can make, but something is lacking in the colors themselves.

Perhaps something of our defective color-perception is the result, as well as the cause, of our method of producing color, as contrasted with the more natural methods of Eastern or semi-civilized peoples. A long and painstaking investigation of this point shows some startling results. The question which started the investigation was the brilliancy of the hues used in some of the Oriental work. This led to a comparison of the most glowing of these colors with those produced by our modern dyestuffs, and the first surprise came with the discovery that the Oriental colors were dull beyond belief. A yellow that seemed fairly to blaze when associated with the other colors around it, turned out, when isolated, to be a dull soft straw-color. The blue which appeared so brilliant was no brighter than the shade of an old-fashioned blue stocking and the reds and greens were equally soft and dull. The method used to isolate these colors was to cover a fine old Japanese print, that was chosen as the subject of the investigation, with a card. Then a small hole was cut in the card, in such a position as to show only a portion of one color. When the color was thus isolated from its surroundings it was matched exactly by combining the colors from the regular painters' tubes.

After a long series of trials, sets of cards were made which perfectly matched the Oriental colors, but this was accomplished only after it had been discovered

that no match was possible except when each color contained all three of the primary colors. The blue was found to contain both red and yellow; the yellow, although apparently pure, contained red and blue in no small quantities, and the red had a considerable proportion of blue and yellow. The purple, although the brightest color used, had in it an appreciable quantity of yellow.

Another peculiarity of the colors so obtained was that the cards on which the matching tints were painted were absolutely harmonious, producing brilliant Oriental combinations no matter how they were shuffled. As the different colors came together they accommodated themselves to one another with visible changes in tint, not one color clashing with any other, nor was it possible, by any combination, to produce a discordant note. The fact that each color contained all three primaries gave to them all the effect of mutually reacting on one another in the direction of harmonious combinations.

The primitive and old Oriental dyes and paints all seem to have had this peculiar composition. As each primary color contained the other two, the dyes were not pure color like our modern dyes, and as a consequence they had in them something in the harmony seen in nature and in natural things. These statements may easily be proven by matching, with water colors, the colors of an old-fashioned Japanese fan or a fine old Oriental rug, an experiment that could not fail to be both interesting and valuable to the student of color. When we learn enough to prepare low-toned colors in this way, rich and brilliant color combinations will be possible as well as the duller, softer harmonies which we find so restful. It may be possible also that when we take the time to do this we will reap as a result a much keener and purer perception of color.

WHAT THE WOOD-CARVER SHOULD SEE WHEN HE TRIES TO MAKE DECORATIVE USE OF ANIMAL OR PLANT LIFE

In the last number of *THE CRAFTSMAN* we published several designs suggesting the use of animate forms as subjects for the wood-carver. As we stated then, these designs were chiefly in the nature of suggestions and were intended to turn the attention of the student toward the possibilities to be found in a simple and rather impressionistic treatment of such subjects. Whether he succeeds or not in getting into his treatment of these subjects the element of vitality and almost of humor that gives them their most lasting interest, depends entirely upon what he sees in the subject. If he sees the right thing, his method of treatment cannot go far wrong, that is, if he possesses sufficient technical skill to give shape to his own conception of the object before him.

The wood-carver or the designer who wishes his thought to be carried out in carving must see his subject very clearly, but the seeing must not be that of the schools. Ordinarily, when the designer looks at a bird or a beast, a fruit or a flower, he sees too much, and instead of selecting its salient characteristics, his instinct is to tell the truth about it, the whole truth and nothing but truth,—a very laudable desire if one wishes to produce something for a museum of natural history, but hardly the most effective way to obtain a decorative effect.

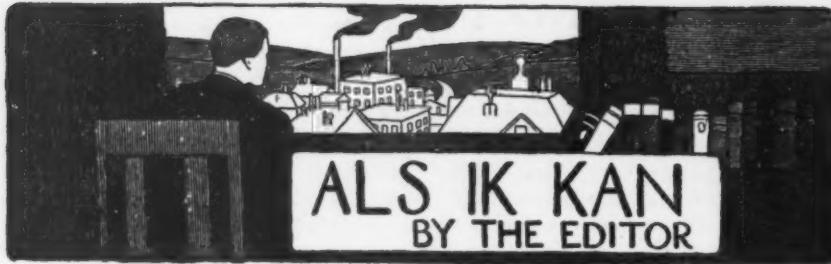
To the wood-carver the first question in seeing his subject must be: What makes it different from other things, what gives this thing I am looking at its character—its soul? After this comes the second question: Will this character apply in a decorative way to the space I have at command? Is the suggestion of action required, or should it be repose? What should be done to make this carving more like the creature it depicts than the creature itself?

It is this faculty for elimination,—for seizing upon the salient characteristics of the subject and ignoring all the rest,—that

gives such force and vitality to the carving and metal work of the Japanese. A very good illustration of this point was found in the experience of a prominent firm of jewelers who make a specialty of beautiful metal work. The designer wished to use a lizard as the subject for a bronze paper weight; so a live one was caught, killed, put into the right position and a cast made of it. The subject was, down to the most minute detail, absolutely true to life, and yet the paper weight gave no strong suggestion of the living lizard. If they had gone to a Japanese artist, the chances are that they would have had a bronze which would have possessed the peculiar quality of looking more like a lizard than the lizard itself,—because it would show only the things that make the lizard different from other reptiles. To the Oriental artist, there would be merely a keen realization of the fact that the lizard is a snake with small hands at the end of little arms, soft sides and a knowing face. Any other facts concerning it are of little use to the artist who wishes to make a decorative use of its curling form.

In the same way a bird, if reproduced with absolute accuracy, is not much more than an oval body with legs and neck. It is of smooth, rather graceful outline, but nothing about it is strongly characteristic. To one who sees rightly and can carve, the bird has feathers and scaly legs, and it flies, or swims, or walks, or wades; the feathers and scaly legs are the differentiating characteristics.

To get at the soul of things in carving, the student must be taught to model and to draw accurately the natural objects which may be used for decoration. When the right forms are mastered so that the knowledge of them is sure, then the things that do not belong to the decorative use of them may be omitted, and the process of discarding can go on until only the vital principle of the thing is left to be secured as the final result.



WHY FARMING LACKS INTEREST TO THE AVERAGE FARMER

UNQUESTIONABLY the leading factor just now in the widespread effort to improve social and industrial conditions is the endeavor to solve the problem of getting people back from the cities to the farms, and in some way to make life in the country interesting and pleasurable enough to induce the sons and daughters of farmers to stay where they are and follow agriculture as a profession instead of flocking to the cities to swell the army of shop and factory workpeople. All sorts of expedients are suggested to relieve the emptiness and monotony of country life, and undoubtedly improved social and industrial conditions, such as will bring the farmer and his family into closer touch with the general progress of the age, would go far toward removing the prejudice against life in the country. Yet it seems to me, in the light of past and present experience, that these remedies will fail to accomplish the purpose for the reason that they do not go to the seat of the disease, and that merely adding to the complexity of life on the farm will not remove the deep-seated restlessness and discontent which drive the young people to seek the even more complex life in the cities.

From the viewpoint of the business man whose farm is his recreation and whose culture is sufficient to give him a keen appreciation of the natural beauties lying all around him, the insensibility of the average farmer to both the pleasure and the interest of life in the country is well-

nigh inexplicable. The city man can conceive of no greater pleasure than planning and building his country home, laying out the grounds surrounding his house, experimenting with different kinds of crops and fertilizers on his land and trying his hand at raising chickens and cows and horses for his own use and for the market. But the farmer looks at it differently. His drudgery does not lie within the four bare walls of an office in the city, but out in the open fields and in doing the chores of the barnyard. There is no poetry for him in plowing, planting and reaping; none in the care of live stock; and his house, while it often stands for solid comfort, very seldom shows any perception of the qualities that make for interest and beauty. True, he could have all the pleasure out of farming that was ever experienced by the most ardent amateur farmer from Broadway. He has every advantage of long experience; he knows his ground; he knows his crops, and he generally knows how to handle chickens and horses and cows. The drought or the blight is no harder on his crops than on those of the fancy farm adjoining and his produce can usually be marketed to a much better advantage because it does not cost so much to raise.

Nevertheless, the average farmer here in the East gets very little pleasure out of his farm. His wife grows restless and discontented and his sons and daughters look forward eagerly to the time when they can get away to the city. What is the reason? I confess that it puzzled me until, for the

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second time in my life, I took up farming myself. When I was a boy I worked on our own and neighboring farms out in Wisconsin. It was a new country, growing rapidly and full of interest in every way. The forests and plains, hills and rivers could not be surpassed for beauty anywhere in the farming regions of this country. I was a strong boy for my age and was expert in all kinds of farm work, so that there was no reason on earth why I should not have thoroughly enjoyed it and have been alive to the charm of everything around me. But I was not. I wanted to get away into a larger life; to do work that I felt would be more congenial and that would give me a chance to make a place for myself in the world. It never occurred to me that I could do this on the farm.

Now when in middle life I turn back to farming because of the interest and pleasure I find in it, I am beginning to realize why I was discontented as a boy and why so many other boys are restless and feel a sense of inadequacy and failure at the thought of being "only a farmer."

It is all in the mental attitude; but the mental attitude is not an affair of the individual. It never occurred to me when I was a boy to think of my work as being pleasant or interesting, because my parents, friends and neighbors did not regard work in that way. It was something that had to be done,—a result of the curse of Adam—but never to be thought of as allied in any way to pleasure. The natural beauty of the country appealed to me keenly even as a child, but I turned away from the sight and thought of that beauty to do my work never thinking it possible that I could make my work a part of the interest and pleasure of living. When we cleared land for a field we cleared a piece of land, generally square, that afterward lay like a patch or a blot upon the landscape, not in any sense fitting in with it and seeming a direct defiance to Nature rather than a taking advantage of her gifts. The first care was to obliterate everything Nature had done, to get at the bare ground and to

use all the physical force that was in us to wring from it the harvest that we sought. When the task was done and we walked through the woods toward home, or perhaps snatched half an hour to go fishing, I was ready enough to see the beauty of the trees and the river, but the thought that it would have been just as easy to bring this sense of beauty and harmony into the day's work by working with Nature instead of against her never occurred to me any more than it did to any other of that farming population. The field might just as easily have been beautiful as ugly and have fallen in with the general plan of the landscape just as readily as a natural meadow or clearing among the trees. It would have been just as fertile and just as easy to work if we had taken account of the farm as a whole and had planned it as carefully with relation to the natural features around it as we would now plan a landscape garden; that the skill to do so would of course have been very limited does not enter into the case; the point is that the *interest* would have been there. It would have been a delight,—a piece of real creative work instead of drudgery to be done as soon as possible that there might be some little time left for the pleasure which was regarded as a separate thing.

The fact that pleasure is always considered a separate thing from work on the farm is the whole root of the matter. To the city man or the man who has gone back to the farm for peace and relief from other cares, the work in itself is the pleasure. If the interest of the farmer could once be roused to the point of finding that same pleasure for himself and teaching his children to find it, there would be no need of all this talk and effort to prevent the exodus from the country to the city. And if the agricultural schools could succeed in giving to the country boy sufficient knowledge of the interest and significance that really lies in every stroke of work he does; of the active mental effort that should go into farming as well as into any other form of business, we should no longer

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have to complain of the falling off of our agriculture as compared with our manufactures.

I realize this the more vividly now that I am turning all of my old knowledge of farming to the arranging and bringing under cultivation of the Craftsman Farms. There is one tract of about one hundred and fifty acres that has not been under cultivation for twenty years. It is all woods and hills and low-lying meadow-lands with little streams running through it and springs here and there. The first thought that came to me when I saw it was a grateful realization of the kindly way in which Nature had covered over all the scars left there years ago by the sort of farming which took no heed of Nature's ways. Stone fences had fallen down and had been overrun by vines, so that in some places they appeared to be mere loose heaps of rock. The hard lines that marked off the fields without any relation to the contour of hill and valley had been obliterated and the land had fallen into its old natural divisions. As a farm under cultivation, it could not have been particularly attractive; but after twenty years of lying fallow, it was one of the most exquisite bits of landscape it has ever been my good fortune to see.

Now, in bringing that land back under cultivation, I purpose to work with Nature instead of opposing her ways. The beautifying of the place is no concern of mine. All that is needed is that I shall not spoil it by plowing and filling in what is the natural place for a meadow; by cutting down trees where they ought to be left standing, in order to make clear spaces for fields larger than is necessary, and by putting straight hard lines of road and fence irrespective of the natural lines of the place. And in planning thus, to help Nature and at the same time to turn all the skill of which I am possessed to make the place productive and a good business proposition, I find that I have before me about as interesting a problem as I ever encountered. Talk about creative work! If there is not a sense of triumph in lead-

ing a road around natural rises and curves so cunningly that it does not appear to have been made there at all, but gives the impression of a track that naturally follows the line of the least resistance; in turning a natural creek into a trout stream with little ponds here and there that will not only add to the beauty of the place but will furnish an adequate water supply that can be piped to the top of the highest hill; in finding that the right place for the peach orchard, where it will be sunny and sheltered, is also just the place where a grove of peach trees will add the last touch of beauty to the surroundings,—all these are things which bring into play every creative power of which I am capable.

It is hard to teach an old farmer new ways of doing things, and particularly hard to induce him to take what he will consider a most absurd and romantic attitude toward farm work. But the boys and girls growing up on the farm, with their alert young minds reaching out in every direction for interest, for beauty, for something that is worth while, need only the right kind of instruction,—and need only a glimpse of the right viewpoint toward all of life and work—to show them that they need not seek in strange place for the happiness that they crave. It lies all around them. Every farm in the country presents its own problem and has its own possibilities. It offers a good field for the exercise of all the energy a boy has to spare, and if he could once learn to look at farming as he would at any other profession and to get out of it all the interest and pleasure that naturally belongs to it, he would have no temptation to become a salesman in a store, a workman in a factory, or even a struggling doctor, lawyer, or minister, who finds it hard to make both ends meet.

DIRECTLY in line with what we have been saying comes another thought that is brought out by the pictures and description, printed in this issue, of the Farmers National Bank at Owatonna. Those bankers have a clearer understand-

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ing of the situation than all the theorists. They have recognized the fact that they live in a farming country and that, like all country bankers, they occupy a position in relation to the farmer that is peculiarly intimate. The farmer relies very closely upon his bank,—relies upon it not only to take care of his money, but to carry him through a hard season; relies on his banker for advice as to investments and enterprises, as well as for aid in difficulties. A farmer rarely goes to town that he does not have some business to transact at his bank, so that it is more or less the central place in the town.

Realizing this, these farsighted bank officials have given the thought and taken the trouble to make this country bank a building so beautiful that it would be a show place in any one of the large cities of America. They have taken pains that not only luxury but the best art which they could command shall be at the disposal of their friends the farmers when they come into town to look after their business. Instead of following precedent and making a handsome, showy, commonplace building with plenty of plate-glass and marble and brass fretwork about it, they called in Louis Sullivan, of all men in America the most fitted to grapple with a problem such as they offered, and under his guidance they spared no time, expense or pains in the putting up of a building that stands as an object lesson of beauty and fitness to every man and woman that enters its doors. It is none the less a sound and well managed bank for being housed in a building that it is a joy to see, any more than a farm is less productive and profitable for being beautiful. These bankers have put into stone what I have just tried to say in words,—the conviction that the one thing needed to make farm life interesting in this rich country of ours is the presence of beauty, and the belief that, if a man approaches farming as he would any other business in the world, there is no other that can be made more absorbingly interesting or more conducive to the healthy growth of mind and body.

NOTES

WHEN Mr. Barrie wrote "Sentimental Tommy" he gave to the world a character so typical that neither one's friends nor oneself could hope to escape its application. When Mr. Hubert Henry Davies wrote "The Mollusc" he came very close to doing the same thing, so that, like Mr. Barrie, he may be said to have brought to notice a type so universal that no one can see the play and afterward escape a slight feeling of uneasiness under even a jesting imputation of "molluscry."

Thomas Sandys was undoubtedly the pivot of his own particular universe because of his inborn aptitude for living and uttering the truth as it ought to be, rather than the truth as it is; but *Mrs. Baxter*, "the mollusc" of Mr. Davies' play, occupies the central position in her domestic and social world because of her aptitude for absorbing the time, attention, and energy of every person around her, by reason of her genius for masterly inaction and for passive resistance to anything that threatens the smooth comfort of her daily life.

Mrs. Baxter never loses her temper; she is too well bred for that, too indolent, and has too much of the temperament of the placid pussy cat. Her manifold requirements are uttered in a sweet, plaintive, childish way which would make refusal, or even impatience, seem simply brutal. Taken separately, they do not seem to be large requirements, but in the mass they produce a state of affairs that amounts almost to white slavery for her husband and the pretty girl who fills the combined offices of governess and companion in her home, and whose life is being absorbed by the exactions of a mistress who is never aggressive, never disagreeable, but who nevertheless is a tyrant almost impossible to resist or escape from, as her mastery of every situation depends entirely upon her sweet impenetrable obtuseness and delicate evasion of vexed questions. She is a combination of

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baby and diplomat. It is impossible to antagonize her, and to get seriously angry with her seems as futile a waste of energy as taking a club to kill a butterfly.

There are only four people in the cast of "The Mollusc" and they give a most convincing portrayal of the four characters in the play. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who ought to be better known on this side of the water, does some really wonderful work in interpreting the character of "the mollusc." To be sure, she has an immense advantage in being the type of woman that is pretty with a soft, sumptuous, luxurious sort of prettiness; her frocks are exquisite, her voice and manner sweet, smooth and lazy, and her whole personality as attractive as it well could be. In addition to this, her conception of the part shows a delicious sense of the possibilities, both exasperating and humorous, that it contains. Her chief foil is the governess, *Miss Roberts*, a part which, as it is played by Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson, becomes the typical English governess in the early years of her servitude. She is well-bred, conscientious, helpful, self-sacrificing, pretty in an immature, inexperienced sort of way,—having no more knowledge of the world or of life than a kitten that has just got its eyes open, and with a tragically earnest point of view toward her small duties and responsibilities. She is honestly devoted to *Mrs. Baxter*, and really believes that the surface sweetness of that lady springs from kindness and that, in some mysterious way, she is greatly indebted to Fate for being allowed to take every burden from the pretty plump shoulders of her employer. *Mrs. Baxter's* elderly husband shares this point of view only to a moderate degree, yet the demands made upon him are in themselves so trivial that they seem hardly worth resenting, and he submits to having his time and attention monopolized, his comfort disturbed, and his wishes disregarded, because no one could be unkind to such a lovely, amiable creature as his

wife. This part is played by Mr. Forrest Robinson, who handles it admirably.

Mr. Joseph Coyne, who is starred with Miss Carlisle in the production of the play at the Garrick Theatre, has the part of *Tom Kemp*, the brother of *Mrs. Baxter*, who has just returned to England after several years of life in Colorado. Mr. Coyne's conception of the character of this energetic individual is rather more American than English; but this only adds to the general interest of the comedy by showing a different point of view. The brother realizes instantly the mainspring of *Mrs. Baxter's* character and hotly resents her exactions from all her family,—particularly from the pretty governess, with whom, of course, he promptly falls in love. After his appearance the main point of interest is his effort to cure his sister of her "molluscry,"—an effort which his blunt and downright methods make about as effective as fighting a fog. At last, however, he really succeeds in bringing into play the most primitive passion of human nature, against which not even a "mollusc" is immune—jealousy—and takes advantage of the temporary flurry thus created to carry off the governess, who has been discovered weeping on the sympathetic shoulder of *Mr. Baxter*.

The play is a slight thing as to plot and its interest depends entirely upon the development and interplay of these four characters. It is clever and subtle to a degree; yet in less skilful hands a good part of its brilliancy would be lost. It is a play that fills the orchestra and balcony and leaves the gallery empty save for the few appreciative souls who have more culture than cash, but for the sake of New York's reputation, let us hope that the orchestra and balcony will continue sufficiently full to keep it here for a long run.

JUST before going to press word came to THE CRAFTSMAN of the death of Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, a valued contributor to the magazine and a sincere friend of its purposes. Professor Fenollosa and his wife had been spending the summer

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in France, collecting fresh and important material along art lines for lectures and books. His death occurred most unexpectedly in London, where he was spending a few days before sailing back to America and beginning his big, vigorous winter's work. It is hard to estimate the loss to America and even to the world at large of a man who was doing the work Professor Fenollosa has done, for his interest in art matters and his knowledge of them were universal. Much of his life was given to a comparative study of the arts of all lands, including the most thorough study of Japanese art, architecture and life ever made by a western student, and it is significant that, during and after his years of residence in Japan, Professor Fenollosa was in that country revered as a writer, loved as a friend, and consulted as a sincere student of their own life and art.

So much of this gentle man's life has been given to studying conditions that as yet little has been done in the way of putting into permanent form the valuable material he has collected. One book, entitled "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art," was practically finished last winter, and it was his purpose to begin the arduous task of rearranging and preparing his Japanese lectures for book form and bringing together out of his own collections of Japanese prints and paintings adequate and interesting illustrations for the book. Also, he was planning to enlarge the scope and subjects of his most illuminating lectures on Japanese and European art.

Unquestionably, no one out of the Orient possessed the knowledge that Professor Fenollosa did of the history of Japanese paintings and prints, and the cataloguing of the most important collections in this country was done by him, or under his supervision.

So far as we know, the last printed article by Professor Fenollosa was published in *THE CRAFTSMAN* for September, 1908. It was a significant résumé of contemporaneous Continental art and a most valuable contribution to the subject of art conditions in modern Europe.

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SIXTY years ago the English farmers were impressed with the importance of draining farm lands, and acts of Parliament made it possible for the farmer to undertake the work under a great variety of circumstances. The practice was so important for England and produced such good results in that damp cool climate that leading farmers in America became deeply impressed. Horace Greeley was so thoroughly converted to the idea that he believed that all land should be underdrained, regardless of its character. Interest in the subject was widespread and several works were written on the subject. Although of late great advancement has been made in our knowledge, and some methods have been improved, it is a remarkable fact that the early works on the subject are still standard. In 1859 Judge Henry F. French published a treatise on draining which so thoroughly covers the subject that to this day little can be added to it. Attempting to meet the wants of the farmers, he began with a history of the art and then took up rain, evaporation and filtration. Later works have the advantage over him only in possessing more complete figures. The chapter on what lands require draining was important far beyond the attention which it received, for it was pointed out that there was, contrary to the then prevailing notion, a large proportion of land which was sufficiently drained by nature and had no need of artificial assistance.

In discussing the various methods, the use of tiles and their forms, later writers have little to add. Some improvements in methods of manufacture have taken place and the depth now employed is much less than was recommended in 1859, but in general the chapters require no rewriting. Prices have fallen and there are thousands of drain tile manufacturers now where but one or two were to be found in the United States in those days. While the cost of labor has at least doubled, the cost of manufactured articles has fallen in the last

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fifty years, and, as these items are nearly equal, the figures for drainage per acre then given are probably not far from those prevailing today. It is surprising to find after reviewing the methods which have been employed from the earliest times to the present that the round two-inch pipe is considered by Judge French the best for general use. He thus anticipates our modern practice as he does in many other things. It would take much space to trace all the cases in which his conclusions as to arrangement, details of construction, tools and other matters connected with drainage anticipate modern practice. His observations with regard to the benefits of drainage are singularly convincing and are based on careful study of American examples. Although a new and corrected edition has been brought out recently there have been practically no changes necessary.

In 1867 Col. George E. Waring Jr. published a work on drainage which had its origin in his drainage of the lands in Central Park, New York City. In laying out the park he became impressed with the value and importance of drainage and his book covers many important points not touched upon by other authors. Being an engineer, the features related to laying out, grading, tile laying, ditching, etc., appealed to him strongly. He took up many of these points in a way nowhere mentioned by other authors, and in speaking of examples to enforce his theories he is compelled to refer to English practice. He devotes some space to the subject of tile making, which was then an infant industry in the United States, and while discussing tiles of all forms he comes to the conclusion finally that the two-inch round form fills all the requirements. His work has passed through many editions but death prevented him from revising his chapter on Malaria, for he passed away before the discovery was made of the part which the mosquito plays in that dreaded disease. However, his conclusions in regard to the value of drainage do not need revision.

Dr. Manley Miles in 1892 published a work in which the subject of drainage is

taken up from an entirely different standpoint. He endeavors to bring the subject within the reach of the farmer and establish the facts of science relating to the principles and advantage of thorough drainage. He also undertakes to tell how to make farm drains. His explanations are clear and simple and the science is none the less accurate for being expressed in language which is easily understood. His aim is very well expressed in his title—"Handbook for Farmers." The chapter on the advantages of draining retentive soils is convincing and illustrates well the practical method in which he has attacked the whole subject. In the practical work of tile-laying there are many lessons derived from years of experience, and many practical suggestions to the farmer, which are not in accordance with the early teaching, but which make great savings of the farmer's time and are in accordance with his manner work. ("Farm Drainage," by Judge Henry F. French. Illustrated. 384 pages. Price, \$1.00. "Draining for Profit and Draining for Health," by George E. Waring Jr. Illustrated. 252 pages. Price, \$1.00. "Land Draining," by Manley Miles. Illustrated. 200 pages. Price, \$1.00. Published by the Orange Judd Co., New York.)

TO speak of the charm of Margaret Deland's work has come to be almost a platitude, yet without speaking of it one hardly knows how to express the tenderness and humanness of "R. J.'s Mother," the short story which gives its name to her recently published volume of tales. It is Margaret Deland at her best; tender, subtle, humorous and with a deep understanding of all the nooks and crannies and byways of human nature. It is a tragic little story, in which all the happiness grows out of grief, but a story that makes one distinctly better for having read it.

The other five tales in the book, "The Mormon," "Many Waters," "The House of Rimmon," "A Black Drop" and "The White Feather," all deal with the psychological problems of which Mrs. Deland is

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so fond,—with the subtle shadings between good and evil and the futility of motives at times in determining the results of action. All the stories have a distinct ethical significance and each one contains some thrilling little episode that flashes a searchlight upon the possibilities of weakness and strength, unexpected nobility and unsuspected capacity for wrongdoing, that lie hidden in the natures of average men and women.

(“R. J.’s Mother and Some Other People.” By Margaret Deland. Illustrated. 313 pages. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.)

ANOTHER volume of essays from the pen of John Burroughs is called “Leaf and Tendril” and is mainly a collection of essays that have already appeared in current magazines. The first one, called “The Art of Seeing Things,” is suggestive and stimulating to the last degree, for it shows only too convincingly how the majority of us pass through life deaf and blind to the greater part of what nature has to offer us. To read it is to feel the desire to cultivate a keener perception. Other essays, full of poetry that seems to be drawn from the very heart of nature, are “A Breath of April,” “The Coming of Summer” and “A Walk in the Fields.” The remainder of the book deals more particularly with the scientific side of Mr. Burroughs’ life work. “Gay Plumes and Dull” is reproduced here, and also “Straight Seeing and Thinking,” “Human Traits in the Animals” and several others that give to the reader, in a simple and delightful way, a portion of the knowledge that has been garnered through a long lifetime. The book will be welcomed cordially by the many who enjoy whatever Mr. Burroughs has to tell us and the few who are not familiar with his writings could do no better than to begin with this comprehensive group of essays. (“Leaf and Tendril.” By John Burroughs. With frontispiece. 288 pages. Price, \$1.10 net, postage, 10 cents. Pub-

lished by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

ONE learns to look for most interesting things from the pen of Doctor Havelock Ellis, but his latest book, “The Soul of Spain,” is quite the most delightful of them all. Doctor Ellis is well acquainted with Spain and its people, and he states in the beginning that its fascination for him began when he was a very little child, when he caught his first glimpse of the Spanish life as it is found in South America. During the past twenty years he has visited Spain a number of times and has brought all the energies of his profoundly analytical mind to bear upon the problem of giving some concrete expression to the peculiar genius of Spain, which he holds is “the manifestation of a certain primitive and eternal attitude of the human spirit, an attitude of historic energy, a spiritual exaltation directed not chiefly toward comfort or toward gain, but toward the more fundamental facts of human existence.”

It is this essential spirit of the Spanish people that vivifies every page of Doctor Ellis’ delightful book. He writes, from the viewpoint of a man who is completely at one with them, of the people of Spain as a whole,—their women, their art, their literature, their great men and their cities. The remains of the once brilliant and ultra-refined civilization of the Moors have a great charm for the author, and the pleasure that he takes in tracing the effects of this civilization upon the modern life and character of Spain is shared by the reader. Whether one is interested in Spain or not, the book is invaluable as a picture of rich and varied life and a sound appreciation of the expression of that life in literature and art. (“The Soul of Spain,” by Havelock Ellis. Frontispiece. 420 pages. Price, \$2.00 net, postage 17 cents. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.)

A book to delight the soul of the lover of fine lace is Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen’s “Seven Centuries of Lace,” which

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gives the history of this ancient art with an accuracy that makes it invaluable for reference. An exhaustive glossary of all the terms used in lace making is one of the most important features of the book, and with its aid any one can, by close examination of the examples of laces given in the plates with which the book is profusely illustrated, attain a knowledge of laces that should set him on the high road toward being a connoisseur. Mrs. Hungerford leaves to the antiquarian the study of laces which dates from the period prior to the eleventh century. Her own record begins with the year 1260, and extends to the present day, covering the entire field of lace making as carried on in a number of different countries.

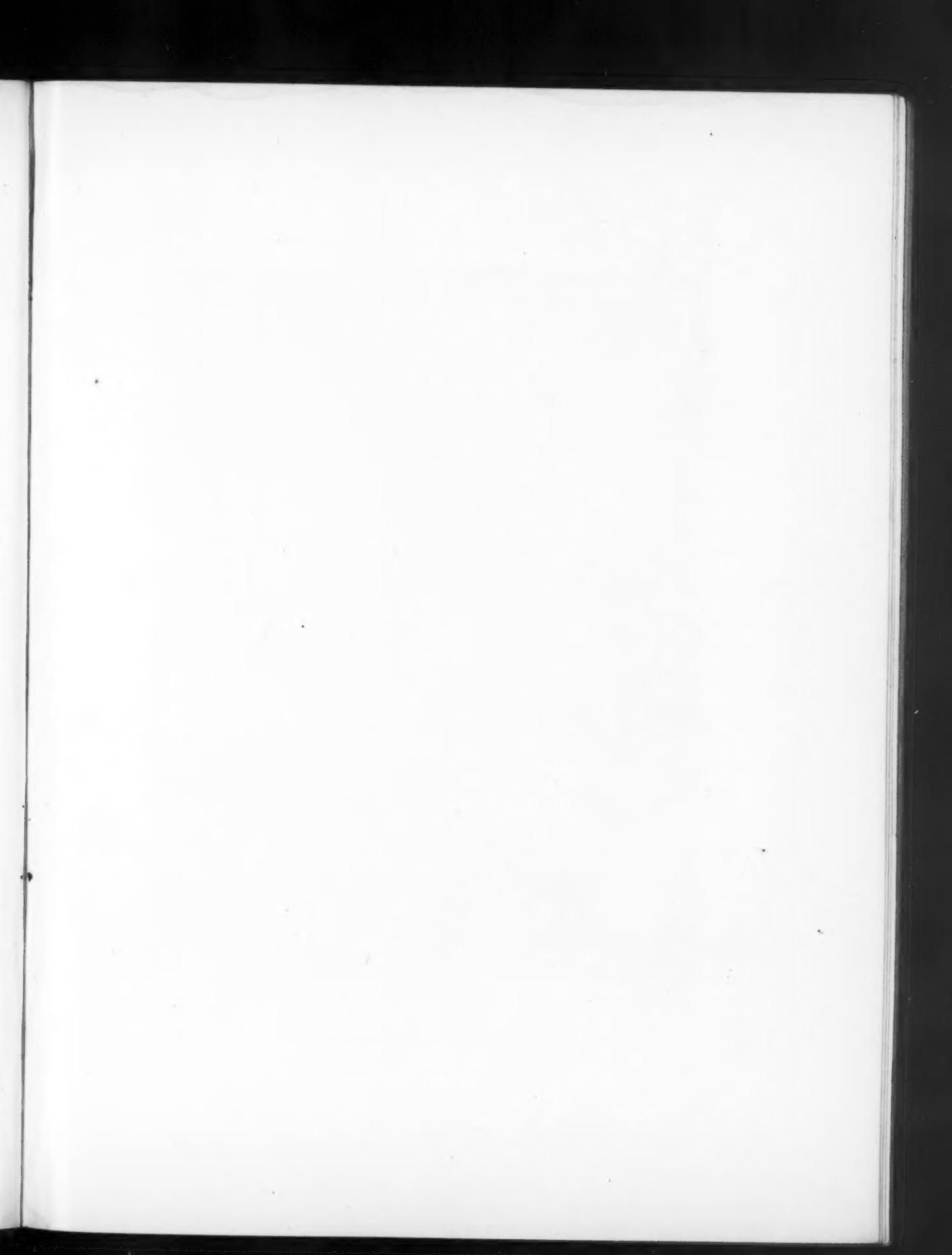
The book is illustrated by one hundred and twenty half-tone plates in which the laces are shown for the most part in the natural size. The illustrations are all from photographs so beautifully reproduced that it appears almost as if one were looking at the lace spread out upon the paper. In all, more than two hundred examples of laces are shown. The text of the work is not only valuable, but very interesting, and the introduction by Alan S. Cole gives a delightful glimpse of the subject as a whole, which forms a tempting preface to a book like this. ("Seven Centuries of Lace." By Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen. Illustrated. 59 pages. Price \$9.00. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.)

EVERY housekeeper is interested in books on home decoration and furnishing and a new one that will probably prove very useful in suggestion is "Art and Economy in Home Decoration" by Mrs. Mabel Tuke Priestman. Mrs. Priestman is a well known writer for magazines devoted to art and to household subjects and is herself a practical craftswoman of considerable power and versatility. In this book she has given in a brief and practical way the results of her long experience, and her suggestions ought to be very helpful to the housekeeper looking for suggestions in home furnishing. She indicates

the best method of choosing a color scheme and the successful treatment of walls and floors, also the treatment of windows and other structural features. Several chapters are devoted to carpets and rugs and several more to the ornamentation of hangings and other fabrics by means of needle work, stenciling and block printing. ("Art and Economy in Home Decoration." By Mabel Tuke Priestman. Illustrated. 222 pages. Price, \$1.50. Published by John Lane Company, New York.)

ANOTHER volume in the series of "Drawings of Great Masters" gives a comprehensive collection of the drawings of Rembrandt. These are reproductions of sketches more or less fragmentary and in various stages of completion and are chiefly interesting for the insight they give us into the master's method of working and the means by which he arrived at the results which have made him one of the greatest in the world of art. Like the other volumes of this series, the book consists chiefly of plates showing reproductions of the drawings. There are fifty of these, prefaced by an introduction that contains a sympathetic sketch of Rembrandt's life and work. ("Drawings of Rembrandt." Illustrated. 66 pages. Price \$2.50 net. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

A book on the art of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which has been added to the Newnes' Art Library, is so admirably illustrated that a fairly comprehensive idea may be gained of the work of this master simply by turning over its pages. In fact, the book is nearly all illustrations, only the first half dozen pages being devoted to a sketch of Lawrence himself and of the chief qualities that characterize his art. All the rest of the space is given up to the reproductions of forty-eight of his best known pictures, which tell their own story. ("Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A." By R. S. Clouston. Illustrated. 54 pages. Price, \$1.25 net. Published by Frederick Warne & Company, New York.)





See page 267.

VASILISSA HURRYING HOME FROM BABA YAGA'S
HUT WITH A SKELETON HEAD FOR A TORCH.